



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

CENSUS taking by common consent in nearly all countries takes place at the beginning of each decade. Already the United States is much exercised over the enumeration of its people and their peculiarities. In Cuba the census has already been taken, and to the surprise of everyone, illiteracy has been discovered to be much less common in the island than was suspected. Moreover, it is discovered that neither the Spaniards nor the blacks have a majority. The arrangements for taking the census in Alaska have all been made, commissioners appointed, and, difficult as the task promises to be, the remotest settlements are to be visited by the enumerators. It is not yet announced how a census of the Philippines will be obtained; probably that will be left to a later date, when the inhabitants stay still long enough to be counted. In the United States proper there is a distinct agitation on the part of the most intelligent newspapers that a census bureau shall be organized which, from decade to decade, shall always be engaged in obtaining and publishing information. The old system, which provides for the organization of a new census bureau every ten years, and which insists that a long list of questions involving a billion or so of answers shall all be submitted at the same time, it is urged should be changed so that the enumeration of the population shall be looked after one year, while vital statistics and other difficult matters, which can only be roughly ascertained, and need not be absolutely correct, be looked after at other periods. It is held, with a good show of reason, that each census bureau has but learned to do its work when it is dispensed with, and that there is no consecutive and coherent method employed.

Canada, like the United States, must obtain a census of its population under very great disadvantages. In the Yukon district and in northern British Columbia, dog-sledges and snow-shoes must be used by those who try to find out what the population is, on a given date. In Northern Alberta the task is not much easier. In Northern Ontario and amongst the sparse settlements of Quebec the task will not be an easy one if anything like definite figures are to be arrived at. As the fixing of the exact population is the chief aim of the census in Canada, it might be well for those who have the matter in charge to look into it and see if there could not be some division of labor which would not detain the enumerators in the settled provinces, thus making a swift and certain return of the number of inhabitants in this country possible. The last census was doubtless ill-devised and badly attended to. There were so many questions to be answered that the work had to proceed slowly, and the result was announced at a time when all interest in the matter had almost died out. Preparations for the work were not begun sufficiently in advance of the time fixed for the enumeration, and thus all the experience that we have gained from that and other enumerations points to the necessity of having everything organized considerably in advance of the date fixed for the work to begin. While the newspapers of the United States are already making numerous suggestions as to how the census in that country should be taken, I have seen no references at all in the Canadian press to the task which is before us. Why should the whole subject not be gone into at once?

IF the delegates to the United States from the Transvaal can read English and have taken pains to glance over the newspapers of the country which they have tried in vain to persuade into saving them from the results of Kruger's folly, they must be sickened by what they see. One of the principal newspapers in the State of New York tells the Boer envoys "if they have come to the United States for the pleasure of hearing Americans say they sympathize with the cause of the two Dutch republics, they will doubtless return to Europe highly gratified." This, however, the paper in question characterizes as "mere idle words," and assures the delegates that if they have come to ask the United States to attack Great Britain, they will be sadly disappointed. The writer, speaking for a class none too friendly to Great Britain, says that all pro-Boer resolutions will be ignored by Great Britain, and that official intervention would mean war. The idea of fighting Great Britain for the sake of the Boers is laughed at, and it is said in conclusion: "As we all know that we do not, and that the most rampant Jingoism amongst us have not, so much as thought of such a thing (declaring war against Great Britain), the only course consistent with the preservation of national self-respect is to keep silent." All the newspapers of the United States which I have read speak in the same strain, proving to those of us who are watching current events, if not demonstrating to the Boer envoys, that Yankee sympathy is nothing but hot air, damaging to the Boers, inasmuch as it has led them to protract their resistance, and unutterably offensive to Britishers, inasmuch as the prolonged resistance means a greater spilling of blood and a further expenditure of treasure. Apparently the people of the United States are all politicians, indulging in "mere talk" for the benefit of their political factions, while quietly laughing at the smug innocence of Kruger's delegates, and sneering at Great Britain's notion that the United States is a friendly nation. Such conduct is certainly discreditable to a great nation, and it is every day becoming more dangerous to the world's peace.

WHY people who are about to do things which they are likely to be sorry for, should ask my advice, or the advice of anybody, when they have no intention of being guided by it, is one of the peculiar freaks of human nature which is always looking for comfort and turns down every warning which is offered. An acquaintance of many years ago tells me that his wife has been dead for "nearly a year," and that "hired help" is so expensive that he thinks he will get married again. He has not told me how large or helpless his family is, but none of the children can be small, and he ought to be able to take care of himself without marrying a woman simply to make her his housekeeper, cook, laundress, and general slavey. All the advice I intend to offer my correspondent will be found right here. Life is too short to do any private advising with regard to matters matrimonial. A wife as a purely domestic-domestic venture is something which I am unprepared to discuss. I can see where hired help has its advantage over a second or even a first wife, for it can be dispensed with and other experiments undertaken. It is also true, and has been exemplified many, many times, that a man who is purely commercial in his instincts but has a house-keeping scheme on hand, ought to be able to work housekeepers into doing their best, with the prospect of matrimony held continually before them. This is not a very gracious or high-class suggestion, but it is quite in line with what appears to be passing through my correspondent's mind. There is an old axiom to the effect that we pay for whatever we get, no matter whether we think we are paying for it at the time or not, and it is well for both men and women to consider whether housekeeping and home-making are amongst the things which those who enjoy them, or someone who provides them, have to pay for. If women are sought in marriage simply to save servants'

expenses, they certainly should think twice before accepting an engagement in which they cannot give warning without creating a social scandal. I do not take this view of matrimonial ventures of the ordinary sort, for I believe that men and women are as instinctively inclined to mate as are animals, which have no conventionalities to regard, or appearances to keep up.

purely of a laborious or mechanical sort which could be paid for in the currency of the realm, the value of which we all know.

The unhappiest woman is the one who serves for the coin of the realm only, and is paid in none of the currency of sentiment, nor has any portion of her labor settled for by kisses of husband or babies, and the sweet

mestic or connubial existence, or go without it. It is quite possible the frugal and loving housewife may die when the partnership has begun to be prosperous and there is some money in the bank, but it is also quite possible that the man may die at that particular period, so up to death or the dissolution of a partnership, the matrimonial alliance seems to be rather a fair proposition. It must be remembered that the well-behaved husband has devoted himself, frequently exclusively, to the task of providing for his home, and I think it is very rare nowadays that the man does not divide fairly with his wife in the comforts and pleasures which the world offers. Her work may last for more hours than his, but after all, the pressure of work and worry bears almost equally upon the two. He may spend a trifle for cigars or an occasional drink or excursion, but then there is really something coming to a man out of his life's pay; and out of her pin-money she can take an occasional spree of her own sort, such as giving a little entertainment in what at the moment becomes her own exclusive house, and in the purchase of adornments for her person, and both of them no doubt indulge in small extravagances which, if the commercial side of the question had to be discussed, absolutely devoid of sentiment, would be cut off.

I know many men who work for their homes and wives and families as no slave ever worked for a master. No street car ticket is dropped in the box without a thought of the gentle-hearted man who parts with it that that might have been saved for the home if he had walked. I know men who never think of giving up anything except to their wives and homes, and it seems to me rather cruel that the sordid representatives of our sex who talk about "marrying again" as being cheaper than having "hired help," are on one side, and women's associations with their ideas of the commercial value of a housewife's labors are looming up on the other side, thus stripping the whole fabric of the loving and fairly-proportioned labors of the father and mother of all its sentimental beauties.

It would be quite right for men who have to have a housekeeper, to marry her as a cook, or a nurse, or as a governess for their children, with an arrangement which will mean such sentimentality as can be worked up, and a fixed sum, as the possible commission to go for the actual work done. I am certain the world, however, is not ready for this as a general proposition. No matter how conventionalities circumscribing the employment of those who are to have a social status and yet accept a certain amount of domestic responsibility, may be made, it seems to me quite possible that the old system will keep on working out with many a groan here and much hardship there, yet fulfilling the natural law of woman mating with man and bearing, as the man or woman may be worthy of it, or can stand it, a proper share of the responsibility, worry and labor of life.

If the women's associations to which I refer, desire womankind to be regarded, when married to a man, as hired help engaged with an unlimited contract, they are quite welcome to it, but I should hate to have all sentimentality so stripped of even its illusions, and I imagine that the average woman would resent being held in a household as a person engaged to do domestic labor with the legitimized privilege of bearing children, and being regarded as an appendage to, or superintendent of, a household. Whether or not the work willingly and lovingly done by the married woman for herself, her husband and her family, keeps down the price of commercially engaged females, it seems to me can hardly belong to the subject. It may be the reason that woman's work is so cheap, but certainly it is the reason why women are so well loved, and that the decent relations of a man with a woman are held so dear.

THE Mayor cannot consistently object to the management of the Fire Department by a commission, when his every act seems to indicate that he has appointed himself "a commission of one" to run the Board of Control, the Council, the city generally, and the aqueduct and power scheme as well. His success in his undertaking, however, should not be considered as an example of what a commission could do for a city department.

THE organization of the census department of the United States has already brought statistics into considerable favor amongst the newspapers of that country. A feature which has struck my attention is that the proportion of emigrants furnished by the best countries of Europe has been steadily falling off, while Austrians, Hungarians, Italians, Russians and Poles have been migrating to the United States in great numbers. In 1869 the last-named class of immigrants constituted only one-eighth of the number from northern and western Europe. Ten years later they were one-eighth. In 1894 they equalled in number all the others, while in 1899 they were two and a half times greater than all the rest put together. During the fiscal year of 1899-00 the increase is still greater, while Japan is the only other country adding materially to the increase. It is comforting to notice that the people of the United Kingdom, Germany, France and Scandinavia, are ceasing to add their virile emigrants to the United States, while the tide is increasing towards Canada.

MAFEEKING! Nothing more need be said at this late hour except that, much as we admire the latter, we'd rather be young Baden-Powell than old Lord "Bobs." To be fed on mule meat and good wishes for months is no joke, but to be fed for the balance of one's life on plaudits and pie is also worth considering. Yet there is not one in one hundred thousand that would have taken the mule-meat end of it, uncertain as it was, no matter how much there might be of glory and good grub at the finish. It is gratifying to Canadians to know that a number of their fellow-countrymen, belonging to the artillery contingent, had a share in relieving Col. Baden-Powell's heroic band, and gave as good an account of themselves as the other Canadian troops have given elsewhere in this war.

THERE is more of pathos in the reports of the auction sale of Sir John A. Macdonald's personal belongings at Ottawa than in the average political and social paragraphs that make up the majority of despatches from the Capital. It seems to be one of the rewards of greatness to have one's relics handled and hawked and exhibited by a sacrilegious posterity, and although a great many persons who bought articles which were associated with the great chieftain in his lifetime may have done so out of reverence and love for the mighty dead, we all know that the mere relic-hunter and collector are generally very much in evidence at such sales. The spirit that actuates these people is obnoxious, to me at least; it is too suggestive of the craze which makes men postage-stamp fiends or coin fiends or cigar-label fiends. It is not an inspiring spectacle—the putting under the hammer of the little personal belongings and trinkets of one who has been dead for ten years; and it cannot but be a saddening thing to those who really



BON INO,
Winner of the Queen's Plate, 1898.



DALMOOR,
Mr. J. E. Seagram's Favorite Pacer.



BARNAPE,
The Steeplechaser.



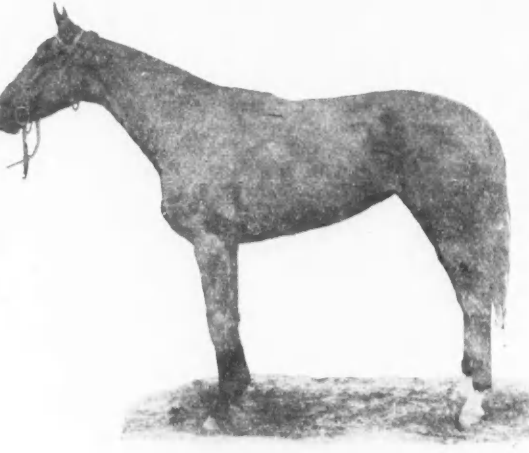
DANCE,
Mr. William Hendri's Candidate for the Woodstock Stakes.

FLYING BESS,
Greatest Canadian Sprinter.



MAGOG,
Mr. Dymont's Fast Pacer.

MARTIMAS,
King of the Hendrie Stable.



Looking at the whole business, however, from a purely commercial standpoint, it is worth while asking whether women as wives, mothers and housekeepers, are regarded in a proper light and given, not as a begrudged dole, but as a right, the share which the husband, father and "provider" can spare. Some time ago this matter was taken up in a woman's paper, and, if my memory serves me, it was decided that the housewife was the worst paid person who does anything like skillful work, in the whole catalogue of wage-earners; that, in fact, her willingness to serve for the grudgingly-given caresses and doted-of dollars of her husband, the sometimes but half-grateful recognition of her children, and her board and keep, was the real reason why women's wages, for both women's and men's work, were kept so low. It seems a very hard and almost cynical task to separate the value of the housewife's services into the two classes in which they so readily place themselves. First of all, we must consider how much is done for love, and what the currency of that somewhat vague sentiment is worth; and next, how much is

things of domestic life. The woman so situated is certainly not esteemed by her fortunate, or even semi-fortunate, sisters, who are wives, and perhaps mothers, to occupy an enviable position. Women, when they start in life, are almost as clear of vision as the men whom they accept as husbands. The future may have in store for them much prosperity or many tribulations, but years and the adaptability of the married pair to pull together, or individually to create success, must develop the success or failure of the matrimonial enterprise. While the woman may have much to endure, and the man may have almost unceasing tasks to perform, married life and the keeping of the wolf from the door, and the putting away of a little "fund," may afford many pleasures which cannot be financially estimated. It is quite true that the woman may be doing work for which she would receive more pay did she work in a hotel, or as a cook in a private house, or as a nurse in a hospital, or as a canvasser for some commercial establishment, yet she would have to sacrifice much of her money in order to obtain some social or do-

loved and honored the magic personality of Sir John to see the things that were his scattered amongst strangers.

WILL the city ever do anything towards reducing the nuisance of street cries? Every Polish Jew, apparently, who lands in Canada locates himself in the chief residential quarters of Toronto, shrieking "a-k-s, b-o-t-s," as if the business of the people thereabouts was entirely in the direction of emptying bottles and producing rags. Sometimes six or eight of these leather-lunged itinerants follow one another inside of two or three hours, beginning early in the morning, and making sleep or rest for those who keep late hours or who are ill, utterly impossible. With the beginning of the fruit season the vendors of "b-a-n-a-n-a-s," "nice ripe s-t-r-a-w-b-e-r-r-i-e-s," etc., will add to the discord. "Fresh fish" cries we have always with us, three or four men on each route proclaiming like a steam calliope that they are vending "salmon trout and white fish," "fresh herring, fresh herring." Now we know all about these goods which the vendors have to dispose of, and the people of Toronto are all near enough stores, or have telephones, and need not be waked up at, to them, untold hours in the morning to purchase supplies of "bananas" and "nice ripe strawberries," "fresh herring, salmon trout and white fish." Licenses should not be given to these people, for they are an unqualified nuisance, and oftener than not are selling the refuse of stores or doing business on their own account at a price which no householder should submit to, considering the quality of the goods. The revenue derived from hawkers of this variety is very small; the nuisance occasioned by them is very great.

Another nuisance which deserves attention in this city is the continued ringing of door-bells by licensed and unlicensed vendors of goods. The aldermen must know that to answer the door-bell a maid must be employed almost especially for the purpose in those sections of the city where people are supposed to have some money to spend. In some cities a rule has been made that any householder who registers his or her name with the police or the department having the matter in charge, can absolutely forbid any peddler, hawker, agent, solicitor, or anyone of that sort, from ringing the bell. Those who take out licenses as vendors of goods are provided with a list of door-bells which they are not allowed to ring. This is a protection which everybody has a right to demand, for one's life certainly should not be made a misery by the continual ringing of one's front door-bell by people who have no right to admittance and whose business is not a convenience, but a nuisance. People with a large family, and probably only one servant, cannot have the servant employed continually in answering the bell and struggling against some man who wishes to canvass for a newspaper, or a life insurance company, or a patent medicine, or something of a sort which should not be intruded upon domestic life. If a by-law were passed forbidding people to ring bells indiscriminately, much time would be saved to peddlers and solicitors, and much worry would be made impossible to those who, under no circumstances, will listen to a man or woman who is selling goods or anything else at a door. In cities where this rule is in force, those who are desired by certain people to call on them on certain days of the week are given a permit by the householder, and as there is no hardship this occasioned to anybody and much annoyance can be avoided, the matter should be taken up by the City Council and all the protection possible furnished to those who live in this city and desire some little fragment of privacy in their homes.

A HARDER case to deal with wisely and humanely than that of the unfortunate boy who shot and killed his father has perhaps never come before Canadian law officers. The Crown authorities, the judge and the jury must have all found it difficult to decide upon the best course to be pursued, in the interests both of the pitiable and misguided child and of the public. It remains to be seen what the effect of four years in a reformatory will be upon a boy whose mind is already filled with the trashy sensationalism of cheap detective stories, and who may meet every day throughout his term boys who are naturally vicious and criminally inclined. Society does its best to save the misguided and the depraved from developing their evil tendencies to their own undoing and the injury of their fellows, but society's best is manifestly neither very good nor very sure. The theory of corrective justice is quite simple, but in practice it is impossible to apply it otherwise than in a haphazard fashion. Concrete cases continually come up to be dealt with, where we can only guess at what ought to be done. The result may prove that we have been unwise, and ought to have pursued a very different course.

Social and Personal.

THE last O. J. C. May Meeting of the century opened on Queen's Birthday—Queen's Plate Day, also, and that good old sportsman, Mr. William Hendrie, whose triumph last year was received with rapture by his friends, was defeated by his genial rival from Waterloo, Mr. Seagram, in the struggle for the Queen's Cup and one hundred guineas. The Woodbine was a pastel picture in soft greys and greens, the water and the sky grey, the meadow and the paddock green, a green that looked to want fresh showers, not the exuberant green of spring, such as a good rain would make it, but a quiet tint, a pastel, in fact. Even the sun was a dull soft blur of yellow, with a fine cloud-veil over his face. Artists gloated over this unusual effect in late May, and many a fine lady looked anxiously at the grey heavens, though the weather-wise had rightly predicted a fine day. And the fine ladies had followed the pastel idea. There were dozens of delicate grey gowns. I counted fifty-two at one venture, and many green ones, a few deep blue, many paler ones, white and pailletted black ones, and fawns from khaki to tan and back again. But grey was the choice.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto arrived in very good time, in a State carriage with postillions, whose costumes and white wigs were the delight of the crowd. The vice-regal box was draped in Union Jacks, and the arrival of the popular people from Ottawa was greeted with much enthusiasm. Lady Minto wore a peculiar gown, cut quite "en princesse," with applications in designs, both gown and trimmings of cream, white. Her favorite pink roses were worn as a corsage bouquet, and a little soft toque, with a crown of French crush pink roses, cream lace and a black osprey completed her costume. Like everything Lady Minto wears, it was very dainty and original, and suited her perfectly. Mrs. Drummond did not come to the Races on Thursday, but with the vice-regal party was an exceedingly pretty girl from Ottawa. The Hendrie box was a study in pink and grey. Mrs. Hendrie wore a pink bonnet, Miss Maude was all in pink, and looked charming; Miss Tina Hendrie, the bride-elect, was in grey; Miss Beardmore, of Chudleigh, wore a lovely airy grey gown. Mrs. Walter Beardmore was in a black meshed netted overdress with fringe over a white gown. Mrs. Willie Hope was admirably gowned in deep blue and white foulard. Miss Jarvis in dull brown with Eton coat opening over white. Mrs. Harry Patterson wore an exceedingly smart violet gown, frilled and beautifully trimmed, and a large black hat. Miss Justina Harrison wore a pale grey gown lightened with cream. Mrs. Kavanagh, a very smart white silk with gold embroidery. Mrs. Buchanan, whom everyone welcomes so gladly, wore a grey brocade in basket pattern. Mrs. Otter wore black. Mrs. Young was in black; Mrs. Forester also, Lady Meredith wore a black gown striped with white. Mrs. Thornburn a deep, blue, and Mrs. Peters a lovely white gown with black lace applications. Mrs. W. F. Maclean wore a very handsome white gown. Mrs. Joseph Cawthra looked very well and happy, with her three

daughters, Mrs. Campbell-Renton, Mrs. Drayton, and Miss Cawthra. Mrs. Victor Cawthra's perfect figure was admirably gowned in a sheath-like pailletted black gown, fitting exquisitely. Mrs. W. Mulock, jr., wore a tailor-made pale grey costume. A delicate grey glove was beautifully worn by Mrs. Wallace Jones. A soft grey cloth, encrusted with cream lace, was worn by Miss Montgomery. Mrs. Harry Beatty wore grey with fringes softly knotted; Mrs. R. J. Christie, her sister, a lovely grey gown with rich black applications. Mrs. Haas wore grey barge. Mrs. W. R. Riddell wore an exquisite black transparent gown over white silk, and a large turban. Mrs. Wm. Mackenzie a lovely fawn gown, very lightly touched with white. Mrs. James Grace wore fawn, with lace coat, a very smart gown; her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Ross, was in palest blue, very becoming, and exactly suiting her pretty complexion. Mrs. Macrae wore cream white silk, tucked and trimmed with fringe, and a pretty, large hat with pink roses. Mrs. Krell wore a navy redfern frock, and fancy straw hat with clover blossoms. Mrs. Robert Smith a very smart striped costume in black and turquoise. Mrs. Campbell-Renton wore pale blue, with many tiny frills and a soft vest of cream, in which nestled Marshal Neil roses. Mrs. G. P. Magann wore old rose with encrustations of lace and a yellow turban with black trimmings. Mrs. E. H. Duggan wore green with white chiffon guimpe. Mrs. Harry Totten wore black and white and a picture hat. Miss Evelyn Falconbridge a very pretty pink and white frock. Miss Birdie Warren wore pale blue muslin, and Miss May Kirkland a pretty grey gown. Mr. Kirkland, who just got back from Old Point Comfort on Thursday morning, came to the Races, and was everywhere congratulated on his recovery from his long and serious illness. Mrs. Murray Alexander wore a light gown, white hat and veil, and was with Mrs. Waterman. Mrs. Foy wore black and white; Miss Foy blue, and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald black and white. Mrs. Aemilius Baldwin wore a very handsome and becoming gown. Mrs. George T. Denison had one of the smartest and most prettily made gowns, a pale fawn. Mrs. Charles O'Reilly wore very pale sky blue, quite a smart dress. Mrs. Stewart Houston was in brown. Miss Agnes Vickers wore brown, dotted with white, and white lace trimmings. Several very handsome silks with Persian patterns were noticeable. Mrs. Brathwaite's lovely gown in grey, touched with pale rose, was very much admired. Mrs. Somerville, of Atherley, wore a lovely light blue and white gown with many crisp frills. Miss Somerville wore pink, and the pretty bride, Mrs. Fred Somerville, wore one of the smartest gowns, a deep blue with waving insertions of black lace over white, and huge black tulle turban. Mrs. George Grey wore lavender silk under a white lace dress. A stunning Stitt gown was worn by Miss Reinhardt, whose slight and graceful figure was much admired. Miss Thornburn had one of the most charming gowns, pale cream lace over cream silk, very well made, and by some voted the gown of the day. Space fails this week to note the many other most admirable and becoming costumes worn on the Birthday. A very smart little Galt lady, in black and white, was much admired. One feature of the arrangement which is much improved is the ladies' dressing-room, which is quite cosy, with a fine big mirror and a very well fitted-up toilet table. Several jolly luncheon parties were given, and the Governor-General and Lady Minto were at the "spread" after the Queen's Plate race. Mr. Seagram was brought to the vice-regal box for congratulations, and looked well satisfied as he carried off his silver cup, after a warm handshake from Lady Minto. Mr. Fraser, the secretary, had a busy day, and did his work well.

Miss Mowat gave a dance upon the Birthday, at Government House, a charming finish to a charming day, and which was graced by the presence of His Excellency Lord Minto, the Countess of Minto, and their staff. The Governor-General was in uniform, with ribbon and orders, and Lady Minto wore an exquisite gown of pale blue richly embroidered with silver sequins, and coronet of diamonds. Miss Gormully, of Ottawa; Mrs. Kitson, of Kingston; Miss Maynard, the guest of Mrs. Arnoldi; Mrs. Tait, Mrs. Willie Hope, and Miss Ramsay, of Montreal; Mrs. Heward, a cousin of Chief Justice Sir William Meredith, were some of the smart people either visiting or lately arrived in town. Government House was looking most bright and handsome, and the comparatively small dance filled no part uncomfortably. The Misses Jarvis, lately arrived from Buffalo, were welcomed back to Toronto, where they are to remain. The various uniforms of the Highlanders, Grenadiers, Q.O.R., and Body Guards, the officers of which were largely represented, vied with many brilliant frocks to give a dash to the pretty scene. Miss Mowat received, in white satin with pink roses, and the vice-regal party came in about eleven o'clock. A dais decorated with palms and ferns held the fine orchestra, extending across the entire width of the west end of the ball-room. Even after a long afternoon at the Races, everyone seemed to enter into the spirit of this charming dance with great enjoyment, and many were the nice things said about the kind and thoughtful hostess, Mrs. Mowat and the Sheriff, who are out in the country, were missed by their friends.

On Friday, the members of the Toronto Hunt Club entertained His Excellency at luncheon at the club house at one o'clock. Covers were laid for about twenty-five, and a good time opened the second afternoon's sport. The fact that His Excellency is a crack rider makes his interest in the club, of which he is the president, and its admiration for him, even more marked.

Mr. and Miss Gibbons, Mr. Jack Kilgour, and Mr. Adam Beck, of London, were down for the Races. Mr. Fred Beardmore was up from Montreal. There was, in fact, an unusual number of strangers on the lawn.

The performance of Torquil, Mr. C. A. E. Harriss' delightful composition, took place at Massey Hall on Tuesday evening, and a goodly number of society folk turned out to hear it. They were vastly pleased, I hear on all sides, with the performance, which, in the hands of four fine soloists and a clever chorus, was admirable. Mr. Harriss conducted, and if he was not a weary man at the close of the performance much sympathy was wasted upon him. He works head, hands, arms, shoulders, body and even legs and feet with an energy which sometimes quite draws attention from the music to the musician. But it is his own music, and his ideal is hard to bring a chorus to, and a little over-energy simply showed how much his heart is in his work. I saw some sketches in silhouette, by a clever young person, which adorned the back of a libretto after the opera, at which Mr. Harriss would be immensely tickled, for his sense of fun is in good working order, as all his admirers know. The critic's work goes in another column, but personally, I enjoyed every bit of the opera very greatly, only wishing for a bit more power in the hardy Norsemen's choruses. One expects a big roar from a fighting sea-king. The Government House party, with Mr. Band, A.D.C., in attendance, occupied their usual seats facing the stage, where they were surrounded on either hand by socially prominent persons, military men in uniform, and many interested musicians. Mrs. Harriss, Lady Tilley and Mrs. Ryerson had a box; Mr. D. R. Wilkie had a party of ladies in the lower east box; Judge and Mrs. Macdougall, Senator, the Misses Oler, Miss Ramsay of Montreal, Colonel McLean, Mrs. Forester, Major and Mrs. Young, Mrs. Willie Gwynn, Mr. Ralph and Mrs. Hees, Miss Bessie Hees and Mr. Alan Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Miss Beardmore of Chudleigh, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews, Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Miss Houston, Mr.

DuDomaine, Mr. Hingston, D. of Y. Hussars, Mrs. Parfitt of London, Miss Hannah Mackay, Mrs. and Miss Charlo McLeod, Rev. J. Cunningham and Mrs. Cunningham of London, England, Mrs. and the Misses Jones, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, Mr. George Sears, Mr. Robert Drummond, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Rose, the Misses Rose, Mrs. and Miss Elmsley, Lady Thompson and Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Hon. A. S. and Mrs. Hardy were at the concert. Misses Sullivan, Temple, Elmsley, Warren, Barker, Armstrong, Seymour, and several others of the Red Cross girls, in their white frocks, with red cross badges, flitted about, selling libretti at a quarter apiece, and as usual no one could refuse their request to buy. The attendance, while thoroughly representative, was not by any means what the merit of the performance ought to have commanded.

Mr. Charles S. Hoare, of the Imperial Bank, Winnipeg, came to town last week, and remained for this week's Race meet. Mr. Clive Pringle also is in town for the Races, en route to England. Dr. Frederick H. Sykes, of Philadelphia, is visiting Toronto.

An error occurred last week in the announcement of the engagement of Miss Carrie Fuller. The name of her fiancé is Mr. William Despard, nephew of Mr. Despard of Binscarth road.

Next Tuesday evening some of Mr. Tripp's pupils give a recital in the theater of the Normal School, at 8.15 o'clock, those contributing being Misses Bayley, Clegg, Craig, Heintzman, Kelly, Payne, Pemberton, Rowntree, Zoellner, and Mr. Austen.

Next Monday evening, Mrs. J. Humfrey Anger will open her pretty home in Wilton crescent to those interested in music and benevolence by giving a musicale in aid of the young Englishman who is now in Gravenhurst for treatment, but for whom insufficient funds have been secured. The restoration of the health of the young invalid is an object appealing to everyone, and perhaps, in addition to those contributing personally to the collection taken up at the musicale, some friends may be moved to send their contributions to Mrs. Anger, 28 Wilton crescent, if unable to be present. Many little will in this case mount to the required sum. For talented girls are to provide the programme, Misses Heinrich, Sutherland, Archer and Lilian Burns.

The Countess of Minto visited the Woman's Art Association rooms at noon on Wednesday, and was the guest of the Soldiers' Wives' League at their tea in the afternoon, at the Armouries.

The marriage of Mr. Leighton McCarthy, M.P., and Miss Muriel Campbell, of Carbrooke, is, I am told, arranged to take place in June.

The Centenary Whist Club of Toronto entertained their lady friends with progressive euchre at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Irwin, 14 Law street, Toronto Junction. The first part of the evening was spent in cards, Mrs. Irwin being the lucky winner of first prize, Miss Mathers, Parliament street, and Miss Costello, Elgin avenue, being the other prize winners. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing until the wee sma' hours, when the party left by special car for Toronto. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Clancy, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Rosar, Mr. W. T. and Mrs. O'Connor, Mr. J. T. and Mrs. Melady, Miss Mathers, and Mr. J. Mathers, Mr. M. J. and Miss Costello, Mr. E. and Miss A. McCormack, Mr. W. J. Hartley. The tables were beautifully decorated with roses, ferns, and streamers of red, the colors of the club.

Miss Dot Davidson, and Miss Eva Smallpeice, of South Parkdale, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fox, of the Bank of Commerce, Seaforth.

Miss Lillian Smallpeice, of Parkdale, and Miss Edith Blight, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Norman Wickson, of Fort Porter, Buffalo, N.Y.

Mrs. and the Misses Mackenzie returned to Benvenuto this week, in time for Queen's Plate Day.

Dr. and Mrs. Cooke, formerly of Chesley, have taken up their residence at 86 Cowan avenue, Parkdale, where Mrs. Cooke, and the Misses Cooke, will receive on the first and third Thursdays.

A Queen's Birthday fixture is always the House of Providence picnic, which took place as usual with great success in the grounds at Power street.

Mrs. Glencoe Hulme, of Belleville, is at the Rossin House; Mr. Hulme is with the troops in South Africa.

Judith Barron, of Stratford, came to town on Monday. Dr. and Mrs. Coldham, of Toledo, came to Toronto on Tuesday, and will remain for the Races.

Mr. Samuel Nordheimer, of Glenedyth, has purchased the home of Mrs. Chawett in Poplar Plains road. The Chawetts have resided for many years on this property. Mrs. Chawett is going abroad.

Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks arrived in Toronto last week. Mrs. Smith will receive on Thursdays at the Grange as usual. Miss Dawson and Miss Audrey Laratt-Smith returned from England with Mrs. Goldwin Smith.

Mr. H. L. Adams, of Port Perry, is spending Race week in Toronto. Mrs. Kingdon, a Torontonian, is in Paris, the guest of the Count and Countess de Castellane.

The engagement of Miss Gussie Ridout, second daughter of Colonel Ridout, Chatham, Eng., to Captain Sorbie, R.E., is announced in Eastern papers.

The engagement is announced of Miss Horetzki to Mr. John Vaughton Owen, of Montreal. The wedding is arranged to take place on Tuesday, the 5th of June, and owing to a recent bereavement will be a very quiet one.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. E. B. Osler gave a dinner at the Toronto Club in honor of His Excellency the Governor-General. The traditions of this leading club were kept up in every particular, and the guests found themselves entertained right royally by the prince of financiers.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss left for Montreal on Wednesday morning.

Rev. J. Cunningham and Mrs. Cunningham left for New York on Wednesday on their way back to England. They sail on the Germanic, and are delighted with their visit to America.

Mrs. Cosby, of Maplehurst, who was quite prostrated by the loss of her lamented husband, is much better. Letters and a cable from the soldier sons came this week from South Africa.

Nine days' racing should give plenty of sport to everyone, and if the weather holds out fine and warm, the May Meeting of the end of the century will make a brilliant climax to the record of successes of the Ontario Jockey Club Association.



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Social and Personal.

THE reception given in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Peters by Major Young and the officers of the R.C.I. was the occasion of a very large reunion of society at Stanley Barracks on Thursday of last week. The fineness of the weather made what is sometimes a pilgrimage a delightful jaunt to the suburbs, and people kept arriving until 6 o'clock, to be given a welcome in Mrs. Young's most cordial manner, and to meet Mrs. Peters, a bright, pleasant New Brunswicker, who has some old friends in Toronto, as well as many new ones. Mrs. Young wore a smart gown in black and white and a large plumed hat. Mrs. Peters smiled charmingly from a soft, fluffy boa, and wore a light veil over her face, and a quiet and becoming afternoon gown. The mess-room was arranged as a tea-room, and a buffet beautified with crimson and white roses was bountifully set with many nice things. The hosts, Major Young and the officers, were most attentive, and, after a short time, the invitations to promenade on the baroque square drew the smartly gowned women and their escorts to the lawn, where the Grenadiers' Band was playing, and marquee were set. Among the guests were Lady Meredith and her daughters, Mrs. James Thorburn and Mrs. George Peters. Mrs. Heward is another daughter of Sir William and Lady Meredith, and, as the wife of a prominent officer and a stranger to many of the gay crowd at the tea, was always the center of a group of new and old friends. Lady Thompson and the Misses Thompson, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Forester, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Colonel and Mrs. Delamere, Colonel and Mrs. Mason, Major and Mrs. Pellatt, Major Tassie, Captain and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Surgeon and Mrs. Nattress, Mr. and Mrs. Stimson of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Ennisley, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. and Miss Cattinach, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Corstange Beardsmore, Mrs. David Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Plunkett Maginn, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Wyly Grier, Mrs. and Miss Helen Armstrong, Mrs. and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. and Miss Thorburn, Mrs. and Miss Cavithra of Gulesley House, Mrs. John Cavithra, Mrs. Victor Cavithra, Mr. Percival Ridout, Mrs. and Miss Nettie Barwick, Mrs. Lister, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Wallace Jones, Miss Begg, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick, a bright bevy of girls, Misses Seymour, Falconbridge, Rowland, Constance and Daisy Boulton, Scarth, Clark, Sloane, Langmuir, and any number of young men.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. J. K. Macdonald gave one of those delightful little teas for which Cona Lodge is famous. A very sweet and attractive guest of honor, Mrs. Parfitt of London, mother of Dr. Parfitt, one of our handsomely young doctors, was presented to each guest, and the cosy room was arranged with many tete-a-tete armchairs and corners, where the guests rested and chatted in great comfort, in pleasant contrast to the stress of the usual afternoon tea. Miss Macdonald poured tea and, with a girl friend, waited upon the score or so of ladies. Mrs. Parfitt will make a fortnight's visit in Toronto, a guest at Cona Lodge. Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Lister, Mrs. Wyly, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Willie Davidson, Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mrs. Botsford, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. Louis Jordan, enjoyed meeting her at the tea, among others.

Mr. and Mrs. Clatterbuck of Australia arrived in Toronto on a visit this week. Miss Daisy Malcolmson of Chatham is the guest of Miss McLeod, 510 Jarvis street. Rev. J. and Mrs. Cunningham of Putney, London, England, are in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Strachan Johnston are to reside in Huntley street, where they expect to be settled next month. Mrs. Krell has come to America on a visit of some months, after a sojourn with her father in Scotland. She is staying with her sister, Mrs. Robert Smith.

Rev. D. Macdonald, son of Mr. J. K. Macdonald, has received the appointment of principal of St. Andrew's College, Chestnut Park. The former principal, Dr. Bruce, was obliged by ill-health to resign this position.

In celebration of Master George Mitchell Broughall's christening his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, had quite a numerous gathering for tea at their charming home in St. George street on Sunday afternoon, mostly relatives of the host and hostess, but also many baby-lovers, who admired the fine little boy, in whose honor they were assembled, as much as the most doting parents could desire. His dear great-grandmother, a fine old Irish lady, Mrs. Bacon, held the little, good-natured baby, and the four generations made a picture fair to see. Among the well-wishers were Miss Mitchell, Mr. and Miss Chadwick of Lanmar, Mr. Vaux Chadwick, Mrs. and Miss Phillips, Mr. Heber Phillips, Mrs. Phillips of Grosvenor street, Mr. and Mrs. James Bain, Mrs. and Miss Leila McDonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. and Miss Helen Armstrong, Mrs. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Acton Burrows and Mr. Rogers.

Miss Violet Strickland is home from the South, looking very well. Mr. and Mrs. David Walker returned last week from the South. Mr. Castell Hopkins went last week to Ottawa for a short visit.

A correspondent writes: "The Cricket Club of Winton entertained their friends on Wednesday evening at their annual At Home and dance in the Town Hall. The many beautiful ladies, in

their bewitching gowns, with their escorts, created a scene which will linger in the minds of the people of this far northern hamlet for many a day to come. A number of visitors were noticed from Owen Sound, Southampton, London and Toronto.

Miss Helen Strange has returned from a long stay abroad. I think she has been away about a year, and is welcomed back as if that year had been ten. Miss Strange is looking very bright and well.

The Misses Barnett, of Renfrew, are staying in College street, with their sister, Mrs. McAllister.

Massey Hall never had such a numerous turnout of uniformed men as for the military church parade last Sunday afternoon. Cheered by the pleasant tidings from Africa, everyone was bright and hopeful, disposed to look upon a red-coat with no rueful twinge of doubt as to the question, and the consequent return of the ardently longed for relatives so far away. The Hussars from Montreal were on the stage seats, and also the R. C. D., and the Body Guard men. The staff took the left side of the stage and the Q. O. R. band, under Mr. Bayley, were in the center. The boxes were occupied. Miss Mowat and a party of ladies, with the new aide-de-camp, Mr. Sydney Band, a strapping big handsome fellow, in attendance, were in Government House box; above were Mrs. Delamere, Miss Seymour and other ladies. Mrs. Albert Gooderham and a party of ladies were in the Massey box, and Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Howard in the box underneath. The galleries bloomed like rose gardens with the hats of the smart women and girls. Sad notes, regretful mention of Colonel Cosby's lamented death, glad notes, for Mafeking was relieved, and the soldiers of the Queen continuing their march of conquest and victory, towards Pretoria, were sounded by the 48th chaplain, Rev. Armstrong Black, and the stately Grenadier chaplain, Rev. Arthur Baldwin. The streets were almost impassable for the crowds. Everything that had life seemed to have determined to turn out to see the soldiers. A brave, fine lot they were, the chaps from Montreal all yellow cords and sabretaches, and good looks, and the Kilites, bravely, every man of them; the big Grenadiers and the trim Queen's Own, and a little bunch of artillery; they filled the stage, the vast auditorium, and overflowed into the entrance lobbies. The giant of the 48th was a bit crowded on the front rank of stage seats. Major Hendrie was down from Hamilton with his handsome Highland trappings, quite a bunch of Denisons wore the navy and silver of the Body Guard, a brace of career-worn lieutenants took charge of companies for the first time. The day was brilliant and the whole parade a great success. Toronto has every right to be proud of her soldiers.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait came up for the races, and are with Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Renton, of Morindington, Scotland are at Gulesley House on a visit to Mrs. Joseph Cavithra. They will remain some time.

On Saturday Mrs. Riddell gave a charming luncheon at the Hunt Club in honor of Mrs. Peard, a popular visitor from Baltimore, and a cousin of Mrs. George Morang. Covers were laid for twelve, and the guest of honor was quite enchanted with the Hunt Club. A perfect coloring was on sky and lake—a deep pure blue—while spring's touch was daintily laid on the budding trees, and the turf is very green and good this season. After luncheon Mrs. Peard gave a rare treat to her hostess and friends, by singing most beautifully several songs. Mrs. Morang, Mrs. Sydney Greene, Miss Arthur, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. H. A. Patterson, Mrs. Denison, Miss Vickers, Mrs. Marks of Winnipeg, Mrs. Maginn, Miss Burnham of Port Hope, and Mrs. Peard were the guests at Mrs. Riddell's pretty hospitality.

McConkey's new banquet rooms were opened on Queen's Birthday, and the public smart and sporty took advantage of these charming precincts to the fullest extent. Dinners and suppers, lavish and delightful, luncheons the same, were faultlessly served to hundreds of visitors and their citizen hosts. Sometimes the visitors entertained: Mr. Hiram Walker of Walkerville gave two stunning spreads in the rose room. It would require quite a column to tell of the fun and feasting at McConkey's this week.

Miss Mary Miles arranged a young folks' cycling party and picnic for the celebration of the Queen's Birthday, and with such a dear little hostess a good time was a foregone conclusion.

Miss Aileen Anglin is going to Europe for musical study. Mrs. and Miss Anglin are going to California, for the clever young Irish actress is in need of a good rest, after a long and busy season and much success.

A very jolly Humber picnic was given last Saturday. A successful Red Cross maiden and a handsome young Toronto officer were the hosts, and I hear the most of the afternoon was consumed in "gettin' together" the company, as Happy Fanny Fields would say. However, they eventually did assemble, and spent a very jolly evening.

Nothing succeeds like success, and therefore Mr. Alan Sullivan, after securing the sweetest girl hereabouts for his fiancée, reports a most satisfactory trip to England in the interests of the Anglo-Canadian mining affairs. He was banqueted royally in London, and good luck seems his for the asking.

A young man about town reports that "the girl with the Auburn hair, whose mysterious personality aroused so much curiosity, is a colored lady, kalsomined. Quite a number of people say she is a boy! Next?"

Mrs. Price-Brown is spending a few

weeks at Grosse Isle, a lovely spot, in the Detroit River.

Mrs. Allen Cassels, Miss Cassels, Miss E. A. Cassels, Mrs. Septimus and Miss Denison, and Miss Griffith, were passengers to England by the Cambrian, May 19th, from Quebec.

I hear His Excellency Lord Minto and Lady Minto are going to the west coast in July, with a possible further trip to the Klondike.

Miss Scott, a Toronto missionary, has gone up north with the Bishop of Athabasca, and Mrs. Young, to take up work in Wapunka, a far-off corner of the Diocese of Algoma.

The engagement of Mrs. Samuel Wilmott, formerly of Newcastle, to the Rev. Canon Johnson, of Windsor, is announced.

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The Fate of Magruder

By CLARENCE PULLEN.

"THIS is a bad piece of business. First our dog killed, then our mule. What next?" said my partner, Bill Magruder.

He and I stood looking ruefully at our pack-mule, Andy, lying dead on the open grassy space in which our cabin stood.

The mule had been feeding quietly about his picket-pin in the morning, when we started out to visit our traps, and the picket-pin was driven beneath the great sycamore in front of the cabin. Now we had come back at night to find Andy killed, his throat torn, his haunch partly devoured by some beast of prey. Deep claw-marks were on his back and shoulders; his neck had been broken at its jointure with the spine by a terrible bite.

The loss of the mule was a serious one to us. Magruder and I, an ex-army scout, had been with General Crook in his campaign against the Tonto Apaches of Arizona, and so we had found out the natural advantages of the sheltered Tonto Basin with its extensive timber forests, numerous streams and soft, equable climate.

Now that this vast valley was clear of Apaches, Magruder and I had entered it in September, built a permanent camp on Tonto Creek near the foot of the Mogollon mesa, and prepared to pass the autumn and winter there, hunting and trapping.

In the middle of October we had our lines of traps out and were getting a fair amount of fur, when our first stroke of bad luck came—our dog, Hector, had been carried away. He had been useful in our hunting, and we had relied on him to give us timely notice of any person or dangerous beast that should approach the camp.

Hector's disappearance had not seemed mysterious. One dark night he ran out of the cabin with a growl—the mule had previously been easy. Half-waking, I heard the dog bark loudly. Then I heard a growl, deeper and more savage than any dog could give, mingling with one shriek and strangled moan from Hector.

Magruder and I jumped to our feet, caught up our rifles, and threw open the door. The mule was snorting and stamping with fear at the end of his picket-ropes, but of the dog there was no sight or sound. We heard some large, soft-footed animal bounding away in the darkness in long leaps. We made no doubt it was a mountain lion, although rain later in the night blotted out all tracks.

A week went by and here was our mule killed, probably by the same creature that had killed Hector. It could not be a grizzly, for there were no tracks to be seen such as a bear's great feet and protruding claws would have made. We decided that the mule, too, had been killed by a mountain lion—a lion of uncommon size and strength, else it could not so easily have carried off a large dog and killed a powerful mule.

"Hunt the varmint down!" I said, in answer to Magruder's as we stood by the dead mule. "I'm afraid we can't do much at that without dogs."

"Well, it is rather late to be going after him now. He's got everything we had to lose—unless he comes for one of us next time." My partner spoke with seriousness so unusual in him that I looked hard at him, and then he laughed the thing away and mentioned no other foreboding.

That night we made our preparations to receive the lion if he came back to the dead mule. We took turns in watching, but no lion came. So we dragged the festering carcass away from the camp the next day, and left it to the wolves and foxes.

Magruder, usually one of the cheeriest and most indomitable of men, was evidently greatly disheartened by our bad luck; and he even proposed that we pull up stakes forthwith, and go back to white settlements.

But I said, "We're here, Bill, and we're doing well. We're trapping lots of fur, and we can kill all the meat we want to eat. It will be no more of a tramp to foot it out to the settlements next spring than to do it now. Let's try it a month or two longer, anyway. We can catch our furs when we go, and come back for them afterward with an outfit of pack-mules."

"All right," he said. "Stay it is."

As the week wore on, Magruder's depression seemed to vanish, and he resumed his old-time cheerfulness. But one night in camp, just as I was dropping off to sleep, Magruder started and said to me, "Do you hear that sound?"

I listened. Presently from somewhere up the canyon side came a wailing, deep-throated cry, which was repeated at intervals.

"Yes, I hear it," I said. "It's a mountain lion—if it isn't an owl. Pity we haven't another mule for him to chew up!"

"It's a different note from a lion's cry," said Magruder. "The beast that's making that sound is the one that killed our dog and mule."

"Something has just come into my mind that the Apache scouts told me once," he continued. "It's about jaguars. They said that these animals sometimes wander up into Arizona from Sonora, and when they do, they always come to the Tonto Basin. The forests and climate here suit them, I suppose. The Indians are superstitious about these beasts. They say they are always man-eaters."

"All right; jaguar or lion, I'd like a fair shot at him," I remarked, and settled myself again to my slumbers. But before I went quite to sleep I heard my partner moving restlessly in his blankets and muttering.

He was in good spirits the next morning when we started out to make the round of our traps. It was one of

those exquisite autumn days which, in the higher levels of Arizona, open with frost and are sunny and warm at noon. We separated at the forks of the creek, Magruder taking the south and I the north branch.

I had the longer route, and I found two minks and an otter to skin; so when I got back to the forks, near the end of the day, Magruder had bent some twigs in the direction of the camp to show me that he had gone on down the creek toward camp. I took on, following the route he had taken.

Presently, in a place where the ground was soft, I came upon Magruder's tracks, and something more. A line of tracks followed Magruder's; they resembled the tracks of a mountain-lion, and the breadth and depth of the imprints showed the creature to be of uncommon size. Step by step it had crept along, cat-fashion, until it had crossed a marshy place in two or three enormous bounds, when it had resumed its stealthy gait.

I had got to hard ground, where the tracks were faint, when I caught sight of a man in Mexican costume crossing the valley a short distance ahead of me.

It was Jose Bonifacio, a Mexican Indian who had served as scout and trapper in Indian campaigns with me, and he recognized me. I motioned for him to come to me, and showed him the tracks in the soft ground. He examined them carefully. This man was not to be easily frightened, but there was something like fear in his face as he spoke in his broken English.

"You go way," he said. "Go way from Tonto. No lion make them tracks. You know what? His voice lowered, and he put his hand on my arm, looking around as if fearful of being overheard. "I know that fellow heap in Sonora. He very bad. El diablo, we call him. He follow that man all day, never touch him. When dark come, he kill him. That man your partner? You hurry 'long find him. Then you two stay together. Go 'way!" his voice sinking into a whisper. "Go way, quick!"

"What do you mean, Bonifacio?" I asked, impressed by the seriousness of his manner. "Do you mean to tell me that these are not a mountain-lion's tracks?"

The half-breed had the savage's common superstition against pronouncing the name of a creature that is greatly feared, lest it overhear and avenge the familiarity.

"He no lion," he said. "Leon kill deer, calf, sheep—but man he run from. This fellow," here his voice fell again to a whisper, "he kill man. You hurry 'long, find Bill." Then warningly again, "Go 'way from Tonto! Go quick!"

He started on his way over the hills. "Come down to the cabin and spend the night," I said; but the half-breed shook his head.

The shadows of night were falling as I hurried down the valley. After what Bonifacio had said, I was naturally anxious about Magruder, although I knew that he had had plenty of time to get to the camp before dark. Moreover, my partner was well-armed and little likely to be caught off his guard by an enemy, man or beast.

I came into the open space before the camp in the last light from the Western sky. Before me the sycamore, with half its leaves still upon it, towered above the shadow beneath its wide-spreading branches. The cabin door was open, so Magruder had returned. But where was he? Ah! What was that under the sycamore, lying outstretched and still in the deepest shadow? Certainly the form of a man, and he lay as if he dead.

I cocked my rifle and looked round me. Nothing threatened from the ground. I gazed into the tree, but could detect there nothing unusual or suspicious. Slowly I walked toward the outstretched form until I came to the edge of the shadow beneath the sycamore.

There I paused at a slight sound that came from among the branches—a soft, brushing flip-flip, flip-flip. It came from a great forked branch that overhung the path. Now that my attention was drawn to this limb, I thought it looked unusual near the fork. There it seemed to be much

Hard to Break.

But the Coffee Habit Can Be Put Off.

"I was a coffee user from early childhood, but it finally made me so nervous that I spent a great many sleepless nights, starting at every sound I heard, and suffering with a continual dull headache. My hands trembled and I was also troubled with shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The whole system showed a poisoned condition, and I was told to leave off coffee, for that was the cause of it. I was unable to break myself of the habit until someone induced me to try Postum Food Coffee. The first trial, the Food Coffee was flat and tasteless, and I thought it was horrid stuff, but my friend urged me to try again and let it boil longer. This time I had a very delightful beverage and have been enjoying it ever since, and am now in a very greatly improved condition of health."

"My brother is also using Postum instead of coffee, and a friend of ours, Mr. W., who was a great coffee user, found himself growing more and more nervous and was troubled at times with dizzy spells. His wife suffered with nausea and indigestion, also from coffee. They left it off and have been using Postum Food Coffee for some time and are now in a perfect condition of health." Grace C. M., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Put a piece of butter the size of two peas in the pot, to prevent it boiling over.

thicker than elsewhere in its length; but looking closely, I could see nothing that indicated danger.

"It is nothing," I said to myself, and made another step forward.

Then I saw it! The formless thickness of the bough all at once shaped itself to my eyes in its true appearance—the bough and the thing upon it. I saw two phosphorescent spots, not easily to be discerned among the yellow leaves. I saw these were living eyes in a huge, catlike head resting upon the forks of the branch. Behind, flattened upon the bough, so that it seemed a part of it, was a long body whose mottled colors merged in those of the spotted bark and the leaves and their shadows. The soft, flip-flipping noise was the curling in and out of the tip of a supple tail among the leaves. The beast that had killed my partner was waiting for me.

There was not a moment to lose. As I threw my rifle-breech to my shoulder I saw the great head lift, the ears draw sharply back, the phosphorescent eyes reddened to burning flame. Twice I fired, first at the shoulder, then, without aiming, at the living thunder-bolt that came through the air upon me, crushing me to the earth. A frightful growl filled my ears as something bit and tore me—the rest was darkness.

I came to my senses lying on my back on the ground in the coolness of the autumn night. Through the leafy branches overhead the moon and stars were shining. My rifle was clutched in my hand as I lifted my head and looked around, not realizing at first where I was or what had happened.

It all came back to me as I gazed upon the form of savage beauty, the splendid markings in black and yellow of the jaguar that lay near me. Just beyond the beast I saw the form of my partner, his white face upturned to the moon.

You can see the scars made by the jaguar's five claws down the side of my face, and there are other marks of his claws on my arm and chest. I have not been able to lift my left hand to the top of my head since he crushed my shoulder that night—and these wounds he gave in his dying struggle, after my second shot had pierced his brain. If Bonifacio had not come in time, I should have been lying under the sycamore now with Magruder—"Youth's Companion."

A Favorite of the Fair Sex.

Amongst the ladies, the Massey-Harris bicycle has always been a favorite. This popularity is evidenced by the fact that at the close of every season not a Massey-Harris woman's model is to be found in the factory—the immense number turned out annually being unequal to supply the demand. This popularity is due largely to the design of the Massey-Harris frame, which admits of abundant room for a lady's skirt. The most graceful rider fails to present a pleasant appearance if the frame of her bicycle makes her skirt hang awkwardly. Their intuitive judgment and fine sense of the beautiful enable women to appreciate exactly the worthiness of the Massey-Harris wheels in this regard. Nor is this alone responsible for so many ladies favoring the Massey-Harris wheel. Their preference for it to some extent is due to another reason. Not so long ago arguments were ever available against the propriety of women riding bicycles. Mounted on a Massey-Harris a woman is a living monument to the reasonableness of ladies riding bicycles for she looks the embodiment not only of gracefulness but of propriety itself. A most artistic feature of the Massey-Harris dress guard is the lacing of the dress guard. This is positively the very prettiest one that has yet been gotten out. The Ivanhoe models are constructed on the "most quality for the least to pay" principle—a good honest wheel that will find favor with the general public. Nicely fitted and carefully adjusted, light, easy running, strong and safe, they are as graceful a model as one could wish.

For ladies, the chainless bicycle will take a high place in public esteem this season on account of cleanliness, and there being no chain to catch the skirt. The Massey-Harris ladies' models are on view at the show-rooms at the corner of Adelaide and Yonge streets. There are also agents everywhere in Canada.

A Leopard Story.

A CURIOUS leopard story is related by a medical missionary newly returned from a station in Uganda, in the "Outlook."

The neighborhood abounded in leopards which were extremely impudent and troublesome, coming right up to the very doors of the station buildings every night, and carrying off fowls, goats, pigs, or other domestic "small deer," at discretion. Growing tired of the continual raiding, the missionary determined to protect himself against it, and brought a couple of powerful mastiffs on the scene. No smaller dogs could be kept about the place, as the leopard, like all the larger carnivora, has a keen appetite for his distant cousin, the domestic dog, as also for his nearer relative the cat.

The mastiffs were chained out in the front verandah, elevated four or five feet above the surface of the ground. They had not been there long when a wild rush of native servants into the house, and a cry that a leopard was on the verandah set the whole establishment agog. Out ran our friend the missionary, gun in hand, and found that one of the great cats sniffing round the house had caught the familiar odor of dog, and had leaped into the verandah to investigate, only to find himself confronted by two huge beasts of lion-like size and color. So intense was his astonishment that he could neither attack nor flee, but crouched down flat between the dogs, who, though equally astonished, were the first to recover; and, following the instincts of their race, promptly "planned him"—one by the neck and the other by

the leg. The appearance of the missionary, however, broke the spell; the dogs' attention was distracted for a moment; the leopard woke from his trance, with one quick twist in his loose elastic skin slipped out of their grip, and shot over the edge of the verandah into the darkness. For some nights the peace of the station was undisturbed, but unfortunately the leopards soon learned that the mastiffs, if formidable, were slow of gait, and so resumed their thieving. Never again did the mastiffs succeed in getting hold of a leopard. Neither did any leopard venture again into the verandah. The frame of mind of the bold intruder who first tried it would be a fascinating psychological study. Smell says "dog"; sight says "lion"; fight-impulse from one sense absolutely negates this; flee-impulse from the other; result, paralysis until unmistakable Man appears on the scene to turn the scale in favor of "flee."

Ages.



No. 1.—CRIB-AGE.

The Patriot and the Khaki Gent.

(With apologies to Bret Harte.)
"I was with White,"—the soldier said.
Said the patriot, "Say no more.
But here at the 'Crown' we will drain a glass."
And they passed through the open door.

"I was with White,"—the soldier said.
Said the patriot, "Say no more.
Old Tom, no doubt, is your favorite drink.
You shall have long Toms galore."

"Perhaps you have met my soldier boy,
A marine—in the mounted corps?
I warrant he fought at Ladysmith.
Right gallantly 'gainst the Boer!"

"Don't know him, afraid," said the khaki gent.
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with White"—"Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the patriot, "Say no more."

"Enough that a man has been with White,
I will drink to all who bore
A part with my boy at Ladysmith,
Whatever their rank or corps."

"Ere's luck to him, then," said the khaki gent.
And he laughed and drank and swore.
"But I was with White—in India—
About eighteen-ninety-four."

The patriot boiled without a word.
And he left to pay the score.
That khaki gent who had been with White
Some five years before the war.

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Rheumatism—Her Gratitude for
Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Montreal, May 21.—Another cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills is reported in this city. This time it is Rheumatism which that excellent remedy has conquered. There have been scores of similar cases this winter, few of which have reached the press. Rheumatism is so common in this city—as it is indeed throughout the province—that every day Dodd's Kidney Pills are coming more and more into general use. In Montreal alone there have been dozens of cures of Rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills reported since last fall.

Rheumatism is seldom curable as treated by the majority of physicians and at hospitals. But more than one doctor has confessed of recent years that he has cured Rheumatism by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, celebrated as the first and only cure ever known for either Bright's Disease or Diabetes.

That this latter claim is true has been proved over and over again in Montreal. In fact Bright's Disease is no longer the dreaded malady it was ten years ago, when to be seized by Bright's Disease meant certain death. Now Dodd's Kidney Pills are well known and by their use Bright's Disease is thrown from the system.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are just as efficacious in the treatment of maladies resulting from disordered kidneys as they are for local kidney diseases themselves. Here is an instance:

"I have followed the treatment of the first doctors of Montreal for Rheumatism, from which I have been suffering for six years, but I got no relief from it. I have taken seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I am completely cured. I am telling all my friends of the excellence of this remedy, and I thank it a thousand times a day."

Yours truly,
MARIA GUIMOND,
St. Flavie.

Logic.

Mother—Didn't I tell you not to touch the preserves without my permission? Son—Yes, mother. "Then why didn't you come to me and ask me?" "Because I wanted some."—New York "Life."

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Beware of Substitutes!

The Divine Sarah's First Attempt.

SARAH BERNHARDT, in her unpublished memoirs, gives an interesting account of her first attempt at acting. She says:

"In the convent of Grand-Champs, where I was brought up, it was the custom to get up theatricals every year for St. Catherine's Day. Sister Therese had written a piece called Tobias' Journey, and the pupils were all in high glee; only I was inconsolable, desperate, for no part had been assigned to me. I knew the whole piece by heart, and shed bitter tears at the rehearsals. One of my friends, Louise Bugnet, was to play the part of an angel, but in her timidity could not speak a word. I studied the part with her, but all in vain. At last I took courage, and going to Sister Therese begged that I might play it. The rehearsal was a success, and at the performance itself, in my excitement, I spoke much more than was in my part, and was much praised. At the dinner given after the theatricals a special dish was served for those who had acted—cream, my favorite. When it was handed round, Louise Bugnet took my portion, saying: 'Since you played my part, it is only just that I should eat your cream.'"

The tears started to my eyes—I was ten years old at the time—but Sister Therese, taking me by the hand, led me to Bishop Sibour, who presented me with a medal, telling me that at the same time to declaim 'Esther's Prayer' on the occasion of his next visit. But that never came to pass, for a few days later, after Mass, the chaplain, deeply emotioned, informed us that M. de la Motte had been murdered."

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use Griffiths' Menthol Liniment in preference to all others. Why? Because it does just what we claim it will do.

Mr. Mack White, the well-known trainer of Toronto Lacrosse and Osgoode Hall Football Clubs, says: "During the seasons of '98 and '99 I used Griffiths' Menthol Liniment exclusively in my profession, and must say, after using different liniments for years, this liniment gives me quicker and more lasting results than any other liniment. For sprains, strains, bruises, lame back, muscular swelling, any soreness, etc., I have always found it to give almost instant relief. The boys in the club think there never could be anything else quite so good. We like it also because it is so clean, penetrating, quick relieving and pleasant to use. Griffiths' Menthol Liniment is sold everywhere, 25c and 50c."

Briefless Barristers.

Attorney-General Griggs, of the United States, in an entertaining discussion of lawyers in the "Youth's Companion," says that an English lawyer who is still living, and who now enjoys an annual pension of five thousand pounds because he was once Lord High Chancellor, was six years at the bar before anyone favored him with a brief. Another, who was afterward Lord Chief Justice, waited for years for a case, and finally, when he got one, his success was so instantaneous.

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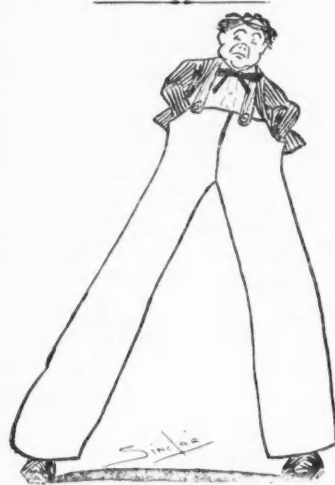
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Curious Bits of News.

An example of the versatility of Colonel Baden-Powell may be seen at the Advertisers' Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. This is a poster designed by the defender of Mafeking some years ago for the military tournament at the Agricultural Hall, and entitled Sons of the Empire. All trace of the poster had been lost for some time. However, after considerable search, a copy was discovered by the printers. The poster shows a colonial rough-rider, a Highlander and a Sepoy grouped together in a defensive attitude on a field composed of the Union Jack. The drawing is skilfully and artistically done.

For many years, naval men have been perplexed by a knotty problem. In smooth water coaling at sea has been possible for some time, but for a warship to have to sail for calmer waters before it could replenish its bunkers has not been of much advantage. Now, however, men-of-war can coal at sea, however rough it may be, and it is the overcoming of this difficulty that has untied one of the knottiest naval problems. Some time prior to the Spanish-American war, the navy officials of the United States asked for plans, taking the form of a suspended cable, by which warships might coal at sea. The Lidgerwood Manufacturing Company, of New York, took up the matter, and, after various attempts, they succeeded in meeting the wishes of the naval authorities. Experiments have been made which proved the practicability of the scheme they proposed, and it is now unlikely that any of the great navies of the world will in future fear the calamity of their vessels in times of war running short of coal owing to rough weather. The device is a very simple one—being nothing more than a cable from the collier to the warship, on which runs a truck carrying bags of coal. By this means fuel can be transferred from one vessel to another without the two ships getting near enough to endanger each other in a rough sea. It is a wonder no one thought of so obvious a plan before.

A mocking-bird with military tastes is described by a correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle," London, writing from Ladysmith during the siege. He says: "While Puffing Billy was firing I tried to see what a small mocking-bird, which has learned to imitate the warning whistle of the sentries. In the Gordons the Hindu Purbiroo Singh, from Benares, stands on a huge heap of sacks under an umbrella all day and screams when he sees the big gun flash. But in the other camps, as I have mentioned, a sentry gives warning by blowing a whistle. The mocking-bird now sounds that whistle at all times of the day, and what is even more perplexing, he is learning to imitate the scream and buzzing of the shell through the air."



HOW A BOY FEELS WHEN HE FIRST PUT ON LONG PANTS.—N. Y. Life.

Book Notes.

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most interesting books of the year from a Canadian point of view is the collection of the late Alexander McLachlan's poems, just issued from the press of William Briggs. One is surprised in handling the volume to find that McLachlan was such a prolific writer, for the collection from which all inferior work has been barred—fills as many pages as most of the standard poets occupy. The editor's note informs us that Mr. McLachlan left a very large amount of material in manuscript, all of which has passed under review, and "it is confidently hoped that the present publication includes nearly all that he himself would have wished to see in print." The poems have been left mainly as they were written, for it was known that taking liberties with his verse was something that the poet strongly resented.

In reviewing another Canadian work last week "Saturday Night" presented a portrait of the Amaranth bard and a sample of his poetic composition. We might select many such samples from the neat and inviting volume before us—poems of which Canadians have a right to feel proud, for they breathe of the native soil and air, and if not highly polished compositions, are good, sturdy English verse, always intensely natural and human. We cannot, however, at the present moment review the book as it deserves, but must content ourselves with bringing to the notice of those who take an interest in Canadian letters the fact that McLachlan's collected poems, so long anticipated, are at last available.

General Lew Wallace is said to be at work upon another historical romance, the scene of which is laid in Thebes.

A writer in Labouchere's "Truth" thus satirizes the Kipling craze: "A well-known firm of publishers has decided to Kiplingize the English classics. It is generally felt that the language

of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope and other classic authors is heavy, and has little of the human ring about it, however ingenious and even inspired their matter may be. The Kiplingized edition of the plays and sonnets of Shakespeare is already in the press, and it is said that Mr. Beerbohm Tree will shortly bring out at Her Majesty's a play rendered according to this version. As the writers of this generation are utterly devoid of originality, the new departure will open a wide field for their energy, for it will enable them to practically rewrite the works of the celebrities of literature and to associate their names with those of the latter until the end of time. Carlyle's History of the French Revolution would be much more attractive in Kiplingese, so would Macaulay's Essays. An experienced ostermonger who trades in the Old Kent road has been retained to revise the works after they have been Kiplingized, so that no error in the language used should by accident occur."

Rudyard Kipling's three delightful soldiers, in their own way a trio as notable as Dumas', will re-appear, we are told, in the new novel which he will bring out in the autumn.

A gentleman who has met her says that Mary Johnston is the ideal of a Puritan maiden. She is very youthful, with large, serious eyes, and is decidedly plain in feature and dress. A story comes to me from New York that Miss Johnston's portrait which was shown in a Broadway bookstore. The author's name was printed in such fine type that it was barely noticeable, and beneath the portrait hung a huge card with "Sapho" on it. A feminine book purchaser paused before the picture. She peered through her lorgnette at the face of the author, that calm, almost stern and far from passionate countenance. "Ah, really," she said, "Sapho is a vastly different person from what I fancied."

Royal Regalia for Ireland.

THE fact is pointed out by "Modern Society" that Ireland lacks a royal regalia, and that many arguments that the Emerald Isle ought to have its own Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of State; and as no genuine articles have been handed down from bygone times, owing to circumstances nobody living now could have controlled, new ones might as well be made as not. There is a revived taste for emblems of Sovereignty, heraldic ceremonial, and the like. Witness the keen interest everybody took in the recent doings at Leeson Bridge Gate, in the impressive appearance of Ulster King-at-Arms and his assistant, and in the city keys and the city sword.

In support of its contention "Modern Society" states that it need not cost a fortune to do the thing properly and have a lovely Irish Crown built which should completely outshine the Scottish one at Edinburgh. Apart from its historical associations, the money value of the latter is not great. It consists of a band of gold, crested with fleurs-de-lis and crosses placed alternately, from which rise arches; and where the arches meet on top an orb is placed, from which rises a cross. The enrichment consists of a veritable medley of precious stones and Oriental and Scottish pearls. On the band there are nine carbuncles, four jacinths, four amethysts, two white topazes, two rock crystals foiled to represent emeralds, and one white topaz with a yellow foil. Red, blue, green, white, and black enamels also figure in the workmanship. There are eight diamonds, sixty-one Oriental pearls, and eleven Scottish pearls dotted about the Crown; and from two or three settings stones have been lost.

The bonnet or cap was formerly of purple velvet, but it is now of crimson velvet, and turned up with ermine. This Crown's early history is rather a mystery, but its admirers declare that some portion of it belonged to the one worn by King Robert the Bruce. It seems to have been added to, subtracted from, done up afresh, lost, stolen, allowed to stray, stored in a hole, and then brought forth once more to delight antiquarian and Caledonian patriots. In the Lord High Treasurer's account for spring cleaning in 1539 the carbuncles are evidently referred to as "eret gemmots," or great garnets, and the amethysts are termed "ammerots." The weight of the Crown was 5 pounds 5 ounces 5 pennyweight. The silver-gilt Scottish Sceptre was originally a gift from Pope Alexander VI. to King James IV., and was presented in 1494, along with a gold rose. Forty years later it was remodelled by a native goldsmith, not with the best results. It unscrews into three pieces, and is decorated with figures of the Virgin, St. James the Great, and St. Andrew, and topped with a globe of rock crystal.

The Sword of State also came from Rome, in 1507, as a present from Pope Julius II. to King James IV. A consecrated hat was another gift, and both were formally offered in the chapel at Holyrood, the Papal Legate being assisted in the ceremonies by the Abbot of Dunfermline. The sword is a fine specimen of Italian work, five feet in length; and it has worn well, being in very good condition for its age and history. The scabbard is of wood, covered with crimson velvet and very beautiful repousse work in silver gilt. It is a wonder the John Knox party kept hands off this interesting sword, for it is decorated with the Papal tiara and cross keys, also oak leaves and acorns, the badge of Pope Julius II. A good look at it and they might have had it broken up on the donor's account. It is interesting to note that some minor articles of the Scottish regalia—jewels of the Garter and of the Thistle, also a ceremonial ring—were bequeathed to King George III. by Cardinal York, the last of the English Stuart line.

"I always believe in putting something by for a rainy day," remarked the absent-minded man, as he lifted his neighbor's umbrella.

This Man Had Brain Fag

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It is so different to the opiates and stimulants which men are tempted to use in order to obtain temporary relief. It gets down to the foundation of brain and nerve troubles and cures them thoroughly and permanently by the building-up process—by forming new, rich blood and creating new nerve force.

Here is a letter from a business man of Ottawa, who, though skeptical at first, can now vouch for the wonderful efficiency of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as a reconstructant and restorative.

Mr. Joseph Geroux, 22 Metcalf street, Ottawa, Ont., writes: "I was nervous, had headache and brain fag, I was restless at night and could not sleep. My appetite was poor, and I suffered from nervous dyspepsia. Little business cares worried and irritated me. After having used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for about two months I can frankly say that I feel like a new man."

"My appetite is good, I rest and sleep well, and this treatment has strengthened me wonderfully. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Pills are certainly the best I ever used, and I say so because I want to give full credit where it is due."

For men, women and children Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of incalculable worth as a blood-builder, nerve revitalizer and general restorative. Through the medium of the blood and nerves it reaches every organ of the body and carries with it new vitality, new vigor and new confidence. Disease and weakness cannot exist when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used. In pill form, 50c a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Very Young Doctor.

THE very young doctor would be amusing if it were not that he is so deadly. Nothing can be humorous in the true sense of the word which is liable at any moment to explode and blow the by-stander into the middle of the next week. The very young doctor is more noticeable in the average village than elsewhere; he exists in the city, to be sure, but there he is generally squeezed out of his natural self by the presence of rivalry, or so nearly buried under the avalanche of competition that he is not much in evidence to the casual observer.

In the village, however, he is to be found in abundance, in a one-sided combat with the old doctor. The young doctor thinks he knows medicine, and he knows it as a great and mighty science, the old doctor realizes that nobody knows it, but he knows human nature, and, in his gruff but kindly way, pities it. The young doctor is invariably a PHYSICIAN, and jealously guards the title, but the old doctor is commonly, and for his many good deeds secretly done, affectionately called "Doc." When a very young doctor meets another very young doctor the surrounding atmosphere is darkened with the "Doctor, Doctor, Doctor," with which each prefaced every sentence he addressed to the other, but when two old doctors foregather they pull at rank pipes and indulge in the few hearty laughs which come to men whose mission is to alleviate the miseries of their fellows.

The very young doctor maintains an attitude of armed hostility towards the older practitioner, and refers to him as an old fogey and a person upon whose moss-grown back a reindeer could feed and wax fat; but the old doctor, recalling the long-gone days when he was a young physician and optimistic and conceited, simply and silently regards the other as a pop-gun, and lets it go at that. A large library and an ornate office are held to be necessities by the young doctor, and he loves to have many impressive looking instruments and a row of bottles containing repulsive abnormalities to paralyze the unsophisticated visitor; but the old doctor's office is a den containing a library that could be transported in a shawl-strap and looks like the Old Scratch.

The very young doctor delights in operations and revels in horrid Latin diseases. The paramount point with him is not whether the victim of his zeal recovers, but that science shall be vindicated. He will joyously spill a bushel of eyes or a squad of stomachs for the sake of demonstrating that sel-

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ence is mighty and will prevail. But the old doctor, being a foggy come down from the time when there were no germs and microbes had not been invented, counting the triumph of science as immeasurably less than the alleviation of human agony, approaches a critical case with dread and the heartfelt regret that he did not become a blacksmith, to hammer on insistent iron instead of the twitching nerves and agonized flesh of his fellow-men; the while he determinedly does the best he can, trusting to the luck which allies itself to the practice of medicine to, in case his efforts prove inefficacious, cause the draught or bolus he administers to jar the patient into some pathological condition which he is competent to combat.

There is, in his own estimation, only one thing that the very young doctor cannot do, and that is to raise a beard. However, he learns by constant experimenting that the hair of the face can be induced to sprout with considerable umbrageousness just in front of the ears while yet the rest of a youth's frontispiece is a capillary desert, and therefore he is generally to be seen with wisps of gosling-hair athwart his auriculars.

Do not deride the very young doctor, nor lightly insinuate, as he comes pompously down the street, clad in his nightly potentiality, his fuddy little side-whiskers, and the shiny tall hat and redundant frock coat which he considers vital to his professional standing, that he is dressed to kill—he may catch you in an extremely week after next, and sight you.

Neither despise his innocent pretensions, for when the pestilence, be it cholera or what not, breaks out, and stung men cower and mothers clasp their babes to their bosoms and sicken with dread, the very young doctor, fired with zeal to live up to the endorsements of his diploma and the daring which incites its possessor to rush in where angels fear to tread, will stand forth, with his nickel-trimmed medicine-case, his idolatrous adoration of science and his ridiculous little whiskers, and, side by side with the old doctor, fight the demon of the plague through hopeless days and sleepless nights, and his silk hat will crown a hero or a martyr, just as Fate may have it written over against his name in the Great Book.

And by and by, if he lives, he will be the old doctor, with plenty of whiskers, a crabbed mien and the record of having bestowed more benefits upon his fellow-men, made more unnoted sacrifices and been more charitable than any other man in the community.

The very young doctor may sometimes appear excuseless, but he has his mission.—Tom P. Morgan in "Harpers' Bazar."

An Improved Journalism.

THERE is at least one man who believes that the journalism of to-day is better, on the whole, morally as well as otherwise, than that of the past. This man is Samuel H. Love, of Rochester, who says: "I am of those who believe that the daily newspaper of to-day, barring the exceptionally vicious, sensational and unscrupulous, is an improvement in moral character and tone, as it assuredly is in its professional service, over its predecessor of former years. I believe that, as a rule, it is on a higher level than the individual, social, business and political life which constitutes its environment. The best men in its service are not those fresh from the home and college, but those who have been trained in its ethics as well as in its technique. Constant contact with men, constant treatment, as reporters or editors, of vital questions in their relations to society and the State; constant consideration of the ought, the ought not, and the how, as to what should be published or suppressed, tend to develop in a newspaper man a sense of fitness and responsibility to which the inexperienced writer is a stranger."

"That there is a broad margin left for improvement I would be among the last to deny. The crudeness, the weakness, the vices displayed in some jour-

nals, excite nowhere profounder distrust than in the minds of the better class of editors and reporters. But we look in vain in any profession for absolute exemption from human depravity and fallibility. The process of evolution from the lower to the higher is needed and is going on all about us, and nowhere, it seems to me, more obviously than among the bright, active, energetic and enterprising men and women who are making the daily newspaper of our time."

The Triumph of the Horse.

A few years ago it was a current idea that the horse was passing out, says the Kansas City "Star." It was also a prevalent notion that cavalry was falling into disfavor. Now the horse is stronger than ever. It has become evident, through the lessons of the Boer war, that the soldiers of the future will be largely mounted infantry. The armies of the world will require twice as many horses, perhaps three or four times as many horses, as in the past. The Western horse, answering to the requirements of the United States army, appears to be the favorite animal. He is now in great demand, and the price is bound to go beyond the present high figure. In Europe the mobilization of the armies takes the horses out of the carriage and dray, and losses, in case of war, would have to be supplied from the United States or South America.

A Modern Diagnosis.

"Skinner got a bill the other day for his wife's automobile drives, and he's been laid up ever since."
"What's the matter?"
"The doctor says he is suffering from an overcharge of electricity."—New York "Life."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For over thirty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



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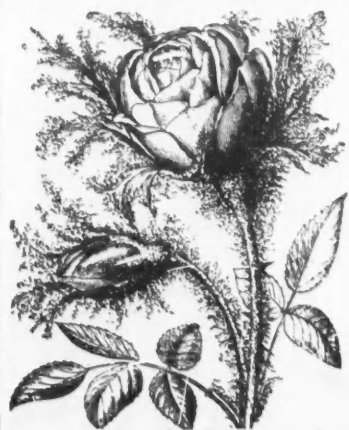
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The Fate of Magruder

By CLARENCE PULLEN.

"THIS is a bad piece of business. First our dog killed, then our mule. What next?" said my partner, Bill Magruder. He and I stood looking ruefully at our pack-mule, Andy, lying dead on the open grassy space in which our cabin stood. The mule had been feeding quietly about his picket-pin in the morning, when we started out to visit our traps, and the picket-pin was driven beneath the great sycamore in front of the cabin. Now we had come back at night to find Andy killed, his throat torn, his haunch partly devoured by some beast of prey. Deep claw-marks were on his back and shoulders; his neck had been broken at its jointure with the spine by a terrible bite.

The loss of the mule was a serious one to us. Magruder and I, an ex-army scout, had been with General Crook in his campaign against the Tonto Apaches of Arizona, and so we had found out the natural advantages of the sheltered Tonto Basin with its extensive timber forests, numerous streams and soft, equable climate. Now that this vast valley was clear of Apaches, Magruder and I had entered it in September, built a permanent camp on Tonto Creek near the foot of the Mogollon mesa, and prepared to pass the autumn and winter there, hunting and trapping.

In the middle of October we had our lines of traps out and were getting a fair amount of fur, when our first stroke of bad luck came—our dog, Hector, had been carried away. He had been useful in our hunting, and we had relied on him to give us timely notice of any person or dangerous beast that should approach the camp. Hector's disappearance had not seemed mysterious. One dark night he ran out of the cabin with a growl—the mule had previously been uneasy. Half wailing, I heard the dog bark loudly. Then I heard a growl, deeper and more savage than any dog could give, mingling with one shriek and strangled moan from Hector.

Magruder and I jumped to our feet, caught up our rifles, and threw open the door. The mule was snorting and stamping with fear at the end of his picket-ropes, but of the dog there was no sight or sound. We heard some large, soft-footed animal bounding away in the darkness in long leaps. We made no doubt it was a mountain lion, although rain later in the night blotted out all tracks.

A week went by and here was our mule killed, probably by the same creature that had killed Hector. It could not be a grizzly, for there were no tracks to be seen such as a bear's great feet and protruding claws would have made. We decided that the mule, too, had been killed by a mountain lion—a lion of uncommon size and strength. Also it could not so easily have carried off a large dog and killed a powerful mule.

"Hunt the varmint down!" I said, in answer to Magruder, as we stood by the dead mule. "I'm afraid we can't do much at that without dogs." "Well, it is rather late to be going after him now. He's got everything we had to lose—unless he comes for one of us next time." My partner spoke with seriousness so unusual in him that I looked hard at him, and then he laughed the thing away and mentioned no other foreboding.

That night we made our preparations to receive the lion if he came back to the dead mule. We took turns in watching, but no lion came. So we dragged the festering carcass away from the camp the next day, and left it to the wolves and foxes.

Magruder, usually one of the cheeriest and most indomitable of men, was evidently greatly disheartened by our bad luck; and he even proposed that we pull up stakes forthwith, and go back to white settlements.

But I said, "We're here, Bill, and we're doing well. We're trapping lots of fur, and we can kill all the meat we want to eat. It will be no more of a tramp to foot it out to the settlements next spring than to do it now. Let's try it a month or two longer, anyway. We can cache our furs when we go, and come back for them afterward with an outfit of pack-mules."

"All right," he said. "Stay it is." As the week wore on, Magruder's depression seemed to vanish, and he resumed his old-time cheerfulness. But one night in camp, just as I was dropping off to sleep, Magruder started and said to me, "Do you hear that sound?"

I listened. Presently from somewhere up the canyon side came a wailing, deep-throated cry, which was repeated at intervals.

"Yes, I hear it," I said. "It's a mountain lion—if it isn't an owl. Pity we haven't another mule for him to chew up!"

"It's a different note from a lion's cry," said Magruder. "The beast that's making that sound is the one that killed our dog and mule."

"Something has just come into my mind that the Apache scouts told me," he continued. "It's about jaguars. They said that these animals, sometimes wander up into Arizona from Sonora, and when they do, they always come to the Tonto Basin. The forests and climate here suit them, I suppose. The Indians are superstitious about these beasts. They say they are always man-eaters."

"All right; jaguar or lion, I'd like a fair shot at him," I remarked, and settled myself again to my slumbers. But before I went quite to sleep I heard my partner moving restlessly in his blankets and muttering.

He was in good spirits the next morning when we started out to make the round of our traps. It was one of

those exquisite autumn days which, in the higher levels of Arizona, open with frost and are sunny and warm at noon. We separated at the forks of the creek, Magruder taking the south and I the north branch.

I had the longer route, and I found two minks and an otter to skin; so when I got back to the forks, near the end of the day, Magruder had bent some twigs in the direction of the camp to show me that he had gone on down the creek toward camp. I went on, following the route he had taken.

Presently, in a place where the ground was soft, I came upon Magruder's tracks, and something more. A line of tracks followed Magruder's; they resembled the tracks of a mountain-lion, and the breadth and depth of the imprints showed the creature to be of uncommon size. Step by step it had crept along, cat-fashion, until it had crossed a marshy place in two or three enormous bounds, when it had resumed its stealthy gait.

I had got to hard ground, where the tracks were faint, when I caught sight of a man in Mexican costume crossing the valley a short distance ahead of me. It was Jose Bonifacio, a Mexican Indian who had served as scout and trailer in Indian campaigns with me, and he recognized me. I motioned for him to come to me, and showed him the tracks in the soft ground. He examined them carefully. This man was not to be easily frightened, but there was something like fear in his face as he spoke in his broken English.

"You go way," he said. "Go way from Tonto. No lion make them tracks. You know what?" His voice lowered, and he put his hand on my arm, looking around as if fearful of being overheard. "I know that fellow heap in Sonora. He very bad. El diablo, we call him. He follow that man all day, never touch him. When dark come, he kill him. That man your partner? You hurry long find him. Then you two stay together. Go way!" his voice sinking into a whisper. "Go way, quick!"

"What do you mean, Bonifacio?" I asked, impressed by the seriousness of his manner. "Do you mean to tell me that these are not a mountain-lion's tracks?"

The half-breed had the savage's common superstition against pronouncing the name of a creature that is greatly feared, lest it overhear and avenge the familiarity.

"He no lion," he said. "Lion kill deer, calf, sheep—but man he run from. This fellow," here his voice fell again to a whisper, "he kill man. You hurry long find him. Then you two stay together. Go way from Tonto! Go quick!"

He started on his way over the hills. "Come down to the cabin and spend the night," I said; but the half-breed shook his head.

The shadows of night were falling as I hurried down the valley. After what Bonifacio had said, I was naturally anxious about Magruder, although I knew that he had had plenty of time to get to the camp before dark. Moreover, my partner was well-armed and little likely to be caught off his guard by an enemy, man or beast.

I came into the open space before the camp in the last light from the Western sky. Before me the sycamore, with half its leaves still upon it, towered above the shadow beneath its wide-spreading branches. The cabin door was open, so Magruder had returned. But where was he? Ah! What was that under the sycamore, lying outstretched and still in the deepest shadow? Certainly the form of a man, and he lay as life the dead.

I cocked my rifle and looked round me. Nothing threatened from the ground. I gazed into the tree, but could detect there nothing unusual or suspicious. Slowly I walked toward the outstretched form until I came to the edge of the shadow beneath the sycamore.

There I paused at a slight sound that came from among the branches—a soft, brushing flip-flip, flip-flip. It came from a great forked branch that overhung the path. Now that my attention was drawn to this limb, I thought it looked unusual near the fork. There it seemed to be much

Hard to Break.

But the Coffee Habit Can Be Put Off. "I was a coffee user from early childhood, but it finally made me so nervous that I spent a great many sleepless nights, starting at every sound I heard, and suffering with a continual dull headache. My hands trembled and I was also troubled with shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The whole system showed a poisoned condition, and I was told to leave off coffee, for that was the cause of it. I was unable to break myself of the habit until someone induced me to try Postum Food Coffee. The first trial, the Food Coffee was flat and tasteless, and I thought it was horrid stuff, but my friend urged me to try again and let it boil longer. This time I had a very delightful beverage and have been enjoying it ever since, and am now in a very greatly improved condition of health."

"My brother is also using Postum instead of coffee, and a friend of ours, Mr. W., who was a great coffee user, found himself growing more and more nervous and was troubled at times with dizzy spells. His wife suffered with nausea and indigestion, also from coffee. They left it off and have been using Postum Food Coffee for some time and are now in a perfect condition of health." Grace C. M., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Put a piece of butter the size of two peas in the pot, to prevent it boiling over.

thicker than elsewhere in its length; but looking closely, I could see nothing that indicated danger.

"It is nothing," I said to myself, and made another step forward.

Then I saw it! The formless thickness of the bough all at once shaped itself to my eyes in its true appearance—the bough and the thing upon it. I saw two phosphorescent spots, not easily to be discerned among the yellow leaves. I saw these were living eyes in a huge, catlike head resting upon the forks of the branch. Behind, flattened upon the bough, so that it seemed a part of it, was a long body whose mottled colors merged in those of the spotted bark and the leaves and their shadows. The soft, flip-flipping noise was the curling in and out of the tip of a supple tail among the leaves. The beast that had killed my partner was waiting for me.

There was not a moment to lose. As I threw my rifle-branch to my shoulder I saw the great head lift, the ears draw sharply back, the phosphorescent eyes reddened to burning flame. Twice I fired, first at the shoulder, then, without aiming, at the living thunder-bolt that came through the air upon me, crushing me to the earth. A frightful growl filled my ears as something bit and tore me—the rest was darkness.

I came to my senses lying on my back on the ground in the coolness of the autumn night. Through the leafy branches overhead the moon and stars were shining. My rifle was clutched in my hand as I lifted my head and looked around, not realizing at first where I was or what had happened.

It all came back to me as I gazed upon the form of savage beauty, the splendid markings in black and yellow of the jaguar that lay near me. Just beyond the beast I saw the form of my partner, his white face upturned to the moon.

You can see the scars made by the jaguar's five claws down the side of my face, and there are other marks of his claws on my arm and chest. I have not been able to lift my left hand to the top of my head since he crushed my shoulder that night—and these wounds he gave in his dying struggle, after my second shot had pierced his brain. If Bonifacio had not come in time, I should have been lying under the sycamore now with Magruder—"Youth's Companion."

A Favorite of the Fair Sex.

Amongst the ladies, the Massey-Harris bicycle has always been a favorite. This popularity is evidenced by the fact that at the close of every season not a Massey-Harris woman's model is to be found in the factory—the immense number turned out annually being unequal to supply the demand. This popularity is due largely to the design of the Massey-Harris frame, which admits of abundant room for a lady's skirt. The most graceful rider falls to present a pleasant appearance if the frame of her bicycle makes her skirt hang awkwardly. Their intuitive judgment and fine sense of the beautiful enable women to appreciate exactly the worthiness of the Massey-Harris wheels in this regard. Nor is this alone responsible for so many ladies favoring the Massey-Harris wheel. Their preference for it to some extent is due to another reason. Not so long ago arguments were ever available against the propriety of women riding bicycles. Mounted on a Massey-Harris a woman is a living monument to the reasonableness of ladies riding bicycles for she looks the embodiment not only of gracefulness but of propriety itself. A most artistic feature of the Massey-Harris model for ladies is the lacing of the dress guard. This is positively the very prettiest one that has yet been gotten out. The Ivanhoe models are constructed on the "most quality for the least" principle—a good wheel that will find favor with the general public. Nicely fitted and carefully adjusted, light, easy running, strong and safe, they are as graceful a model as one could wish. For ladies, the chainless bicycle will take a high place in public estimation this season on account of cleanliness, and there being no chain to catch the skirt. The Massey-Harris ladies' models are on view at the show-rooms at the corner of Adelaide and Yonge streets. There are also agents everywhere in Canada.

A Leopard Story.

A CURIOUS leopard story is related by a medical missionary newly returned from a station in Uganda, in the "Outlook." The neighborhood abounded in leopards which were extremely impudent and troublesome, coming right up to the very door of the station buildings every night, and carrying off fowls, goats, pigs, or other domestic "small deer," at discretion. Growing tired of the continual raiding, the missionary determined to protect himself against it, and brought a couple of powerful mastiffs on the scene. No smaller dogs could be kept about the place, as the leopard, like all the larger carnivora, has a keen appetite for his distant cousin, the domestic dog, as also for his nearer relative the cat. The mastiffs were chained out in the front verandah, elevated four or five feet above the surface of the ground. They had not been there long when a wild rush of native servants into the house, and a cry that a leopard was on the verandah set the whole establishment agog. Out ran our friend the missionary, gun in hand, and found that one of the great cats sniffing round the house had caught the familiar odor of dog, and had leaped into the verandah to investigate, only to find himself confronted by two huge beasts of lion-like size and color. So intense was his astonishment that he could neither attack nor flee, but crouched down flat between the dogs, who, though equally astonished, were the first to recover; and, following the instincts of their race, promptly "pinned him"—one by the neck and the other by

the leg. The appearance of the missionary, however, broke the spell; the dogs' attention was distracted for a moment; the leopard woke from his trance, with one quick twist in his loose elastic skin slipped out of their grip, and shot over the edge of the verandah into the darkness. For some nights the peace of the station was undisturbed, but unfortunately the leopards soon learned that the mastiffs, if formidable, were slow of gait, and so resumed their thieving. Never again did the mastiffs succeed in getting hold of a leopard. Neither did any leopard venture again into the verandah. The frame of mind of the bold intruder who first tried it would be a fascinating psychological study. Small says "dog"; sight says "lion"; fight-impulse from one sense absolutely negates this; flee-impulse from the other; result, paralysis until unmistakable Man appears on the scene to turn the scale in favor of "flee."



No. 1.—CRIB-AGE.

The Patriot and the Khaki Gent.

(With apologies to Bret Harte.)
"I was with White," the soldier said.
Said the patriot, "Say no more.
But here at the 'Crown' we will drain a glass."
And they passed through the open door.
"I was with White," the soldier said.
Said the patriot, "Say no more.
Old Tom, no doubt, is your favorite drink.
You shall have long Toms galore."
"Perhaps you have met my soldier boy,
A marine—in the mounted corps?
I warrant he fought at Ladysmith
Right gallantly 'gainst the Boer!"

"Don't know him, afraid," said the khaki gent.
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with White," "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the patriot, "Say no more."
"Enough that a man has been with White,
I will drink to all who bore
A part with my boy at Ladysmith,
Whatever their rank or corps."
"Ere's luck to him, then," said the khaki gent.
And he laughed and drank and swore,
"But I was with White—in India—
About eighteen-ninety-four."
The patriot bolted without a word.
And he left to pass the score.
The khaki gent who had been with White
Some five years before the war.
—Punch.

Montreal Free.

No Longer Any Fear of Bright's Disease
Since Dodd's Kidney Pills Came
Into Use.

All Kidney Diseases Have Been Rendered
Harmless—Maria Guimond's Case of
Rheumatism—Her Gratitude for
Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Montreal, May 21.—Another cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills is reported in this city. This time it is Rheumatism which that excellent remedy has conquered. There have been scores of similar cases this winter, few of which have reached the press. Rheumatism is so common in this city—as it is indeed throughout the province—that every day Dodd's Kidney Pills are coming more and more into general use. In Montreal alone there have been dozens of cures of Rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills reported since last fall.

Rheumatism is seldom curable as treated by the majority of physicians and at hospitals. But more than one doctor has confessed of recent years that he has cured Rheumatism by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, celebrated as the first and only cure ever known for either Bright's Disease or Diabetes.

That this latter claim is true has been proved over and over again in Montreal. In fact Bright's Disease is no longer the dreaded malady it was ten years ago, when to be seized by Bright's Disease meant certain death. Now Dodd's Kidney Pills are well known and by their use Bright's Disease is thrown from the system.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are just as efficacious in the treatment of malades resulting from disordered kidneys as they are for local kidney diseases themselves. Here is an instance:

"I have followed the treatment of the first doctors of Montreal for Rheumatism, from which I have been suffering for six years, but I got no relief from it. I have taken seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I am completely cured. I am telling all my friends of the excellence of this remedy, and I thank it a thousand times a day."

Yours truly,
MARIA GUIMOND,
St. Flavie.

Logic.

Mother—Didn't I tell you not to touch the preserves without my permission? Son—Yes, mother. "Then why didn't you come to me and ask me?" "Because I wanted some."—New York "Life."

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The Divine Sarah's First Attempt.

SARAH BERNHARDT, in her unpublished memoirs, gives an interesting account of her first attempt at acting. She says:

"In the convent of Grand-Champs, where I was brought up, it was the custom to get up theatricals every year for St. Catherine's Day. Sister Therese had written a piece called Tobias's Journey, and the pupils were all in high glee; only I was inconsolable, desperate, for no part had been assigned to me. I knew the whole piece by heart, and shed bitter tears at the rehearsals. One of my friends, Luise Bugnet, was to play the part of an angel, but in her timidity could not speak a word. I studied the part with her, but all in vain. At last I took courage, and going to Sister Therese begged that I might play it. The rehearsal was a success, and at the performance itself, in my excitement, I spoke much more than was in my part, and was much praised. At the dinner given after the theatricals a special dish was served for those who had acted—cream, my favorite. When it was handed round, Luise Bugnet took my portion, saying: 'Since you played my part, it is only just that I should eat your cream.' The tears started to my eyes—I was ten years old at the time—but Sister Therese, taking me by the hand, led me to Bishop Sibour, who presented me with a medal, telling me at the same time to declaim 'Esther's Prayer' on the occasion of his next visit. But that never came to pass, for a few days later, after Mass, the chaplain, deeply emotioned, informed us that Monseigneur Sibour had been murdered."

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use Griffiths' Menthol Liniment in preference to all others. Why? Because it does just what we claim it will do. Mr. Mack White, the well-known trainer of Toronto Lacrosse and Osgoode Hall Football Clubs, says: "During the seasons of '98 and '99 I used Griffiths' Menthol Liniment exclusively in my profession, and must say, after using different liniments for years, this liniment gives quicker and more lasting results than any other liniment. For sprains, strains, bruises, lame back, muscular swelling, any soreness, etc., I have always found it to give almost instant relief. The boys in the club think there never could be anything else quite so good. We like it also because it is so clean, penetrating, quick relieving and pleasant to use. Griffiths' Menthol Liniment is sold everywhere, 25c and 75c."

Briefless Barristers.

Attorney-General Griggs, of the United States, in an entertaining discussion of lawyers in the "Youth's Companion," says that an English lawyer who is still living, and who now enjoys an annual pension of five thousand pounds because he was once Lord High Chancellor, was six years at the bar before anyone favored him with a brief. Another, who was afterward Lord Chief Justice, waited for years for a case, and finally, when he got one, his success was so instantaneous.

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St. Flavie.

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Curious Bits of News.

An example of the versatility of Colonel Baden-Powell may be seen at the Advertiser's Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. This is a poster designed by the defender of Mafeking some years ago for the military tournament at the Agricultural Hall, and entitled Sons of the Empire. All trace of the poster had been lost for some time. However, after considerable search, a copy was discovered by the printers. The poster shows a colonial rough-rider, a Highlander and a Sepoy grouped together in a defensive attitude on a field composed of the Union Jack. The drawing is skillfully and artistically done.

For many years, naval men have been perplexed by a knotty problem. In smooth water coaling at sea has been possible for some time, but for a warship to have to sail for calmer waters before it could replenish its bunkers has not been of much advantage. Now, however, men-of-war can coal at sea, however rough it may be, and it is the overcoming of this difficulty that has untied one of the knottiest naval problems. Some time prior to the Spanish-American war, the navy officials of the United States asked for plans, taking the form of a suspended cable, by which warships might coal at sea. The Edgewood Manufacturing Company, of New York, took up the matter, and, after various attempts, they succeeded in meeting the wishes of the naval authorities. Experiments have been made which proved the practicability of the scheme they proposed, and it is now unlikely that any of the great navies of the world will in future fear the calamity of their vessels in times of war running short of coal owing to rough weather. The device is a very simple one—being nothing more than a cable from the collier to the warship, on which runs a truck carrying bags of coal. By this means fuel can be transferred from one vessel to another without the two ships getting near enough to endanger each other in a rough sea. It is a wonder no one thought of so obvious a plan before.

A mocking-bird with military tastes is described by a correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle," London, writing from Ladysmith during the siege. He says: "While Puffing Billy was firing I tried to see what a small mocking-bird, which has learned to imitate the warning whistle of the sentries. In the Gordons the Hindu Purbi Singh, from Benares, stands on a huge heap of sacks under an umbrella all day and screams when he sees the big gun flash. But in the other camps, as I have mentioned, a sentry gives warning by blowing a whistle. The mocking-bird now sounds that whistle at all times of the day, and what is even more perplexing, he is learning to imitate the scream and buzzing of the shell through the air."



HOW A BOY FEELS WHEN HE FIRST PUT ON LONG PANTS.—N. Y. Life.

Book Notes.

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most interesting books of the year from a Canadian point of view is the collection of the late Alexander McLachlan's poems, just issued from the press of William Briggs. One is surprised in handling the volume to find that McLachlan was such a prolific writer, for the collection— from which all inferior work has been barred—fills as many pages as most of the standard poets occupy. The editor's note informs us that Mr. McLachlan left a very large amount of material in manuscript, all of which has passed under review, and "it is confidently hoped that the present publication includes nearly all that he himself would have wished to see in print."

The poems have been left mainly as their rugged author wrote them—for it was known that taking liberties with his verse was something that the poet strongly resented.

In reviewing another Canadian work last week "Saturday Night" presented a portrait of the Amaranth bard and a sample of his poetic composition. We might select many such samples from the neat and inviting volume before us—poems of which Canadians have a right to feel proud, for they breathe of the native soil and air, and if not highly polished compositions, are good, sturdy English verse, always intensely natural and human. We cannot, however, at the present moment review the book as it deserves, but must content ourselves with bringing to the notice of those who take an interest in Canadian letters the fact that McLachlan's collected poems, so long anticipated, are at last available.

General Lew Wallace is said to be at work upon another historical romance, the scene of which is laid in Thebes.

A writer in Labour's "Truth" thus satirizes the Kipling craze: "A well-known firm of publishers has decided to Kiplingise the English classics. It is generally felt that the language

of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope and other classic authors is heavy, and has little of the human ring about it, however ingenious and even inspired their matter may be. The Kiplingised edition of the plays and sonnets of Shakespeare is already in the press, and it is said that Mr. Beerbohm Tree will shortly bring out at Her Majesty's a play rendered according to this version. As the writers of this generation are utterly devoid of originality, the new departure will open a wide field for their energy, for it will enable them to practically rewrite the works of the celebrities of literature and to associate their names with those of the latter until the end of time. Carlyle's History of the French Revolution would be much more attractive in Kiplingese, so would Macaulay's Essays. An experienced costermonger who trades in the Old Kent road has been retained to revise the works after they have been Kiplingised, so that no error in the language used should by accident occur."

Rudyard Kipling's three delightful soldiers, in their own way a trio as notable as Dumas', will re-appear, we are told, in the new novel which he will bring out in the autumn.

A gentleman who has met her says that Mary Johnston is the ideal of a Puritan maiden. She is very youthful, with large, serious eyes, and is decidedly plain in feature and dress. A story comes to me from New York that Miss Johnston's portrait was shown in a Broadway bookstore. The author's name was printed in such fine type that it was barely noticeable, and beneath the portrait hung a huge card with "Sapho" on it. A feminine book purchaser paused before the picture. She peered through her lorgnette at the face of the author, that calm, almost stern and far from passionate countenance. "Ah, really," she said, "Sapho is a vastly different person from what I fancied."

Royal Regalia for Ireland.

THE fact is pointed out by "Modern Society" that Ireland lacks a Royal regalia, and that paper argues that the Emerald Isle ought to have its own Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of State; and as no genuine articles have been handed down from bygone times, owing to circumstances nobody living now could have controlled, now one might as well be made as not. There is a revived taste for emblems of Sovereignty, heraldic ceremonials, and the like. Witness the keen interest everybody took in the recent doings at Leeson Bridge Gate, in the impressive appearance of Ulster King-at-Arms and his assistant, and in the city keys and the city sword.

In support of its contention "Modern Society" states that it need not cost a fortune to do the thing properly and have a lovely Irish Crown, but which should completely outshine the Scottish one at Edinburgh. Apart from its historical associations, the money value of the latter is not great. It consists of a band of gold, crested with fleurs-de-lis and crosses placed alternately, from which rise arches; and where the arches meet on top an orb is placed, from which rises a cross.

The enrichment consists of a veritable medley of precious stones and Oriental and Scottish pearls. On the band there are nine carbuncles, four faceted, four amethysts, two white topazes, two rock crystals foiled to represent emeralds, and one white topaz with a yellow foil. Red, blue, green, white, and black enamels also figure in the workmanship. There are eight diamonds, sixty-one Oriental pearls, and eleven Scottish pearls dotted about the Crown; and from two or three settings stones have been lost.

The bonnet or cap was formerly of purple velvet, but it is now of crimson velvet, and turned up with ermine. This Crown's early history is rather a mystery, but its admirers declare that some portion of it belonged to the one worn by King Robert the Bruce. It seems to have been added to, subtracted from, done up afresh, lost, stolen, allowed to stray, stored in a hole, and then brought forth once more to delight antiquarian and Caledonian patriots. In the Lord High Treasurer's account for spring cleaning it in 1539 the carbuncles are evidently referred to as "great garnets" or "great garnets," and the amethysts are termed "amethysts." The weight of the Crown was much the same then as now, 56 ounces 5 pennyweight.

The silver-gilt Scottish Sceptre was originally a gift from Pope Alexander VI. to King James IV., and was presented in 1494, along with a gold rose. Forty years later it was remodelled by a native goldsmith, not with the best results. It uncovers into three pieces, and is decorated with figures of the Virgin, St. James the Great, and St. Andrew, and topped with a globe of rock crystal.

The Sword of State also came from Rome, in 1507, as a present from Pope Julius II. to King James IV. A consecrated hat was another gift, and both were formally offered in the chapel at Holyrood, the Papal Legate being assisted in the ceremonies by the Abbot of Dunfermline. The Sword is a fine specimen of Italian work, five feet in length; and it has worn well, being in very good condition for its age and history. The scabbard is of wood, covered with crimson velvet and very beautiful repousse work in silver gilt. It is a wonder the John Knox party kept hands off this interesting Sword, for it is decorated with the Papal tiara and cross keys, also oak leaves and acorns, the badge of Pope Julius II. A good look at it and they might have had it broken up on the donor's account. It is interesting to note that some minor articles of the Scottish regalia—jewels of the Garter and of the Thistle, also a ceremonial ring—were bequeathed to King George III. by Cardinal York, the last of the English Stuart line.

"I always believe in putting something by for a rainy day," remarked the absent-minded man, as he lifted his neighbor's umbrella.

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Mr. Joseph Geroux, 22 Metcalf street, Ottawa, Ont., writes: "I was nervous, had headache and brain fag. I was restless at night and could not sleep. My appetite was poor, and I suffered from nervous dyspepsia. Little business cares worried and irritated me. After having used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for about two months I can frankly say that I feel like a new man."

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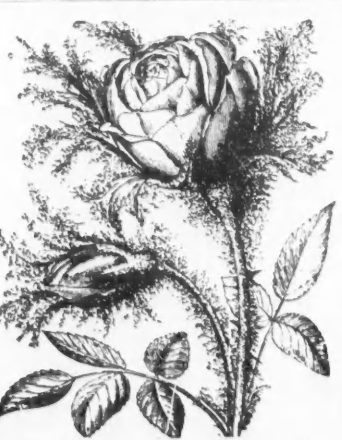
The Very Young Doctor.

THE very young doctor would be amusing if it were not that he is so deadly. Nothing can be humorous in the true sense of the word which is liable at any moment to explode and blow the bystanders into the middle of the next week. The very young doctor is more noticeable in the average village than elsewhere; he exists in the city, to be sure, but there he is generally squeezed out of his natural self by the presence of rivalry, or so nearly buried under the avalanche of competition that he is not much in evidence to the casual observer.

In the village, however, he is to be found in abundance, in a one-sided combat with the old doctor. The young doctor thinks he knows medicine, and worships it as a great and mighty science, the old doctor realizes that nobody knows it, but he knows human nature, and, in his gruff but kindly way, pities it. The young doctor is invariably a PHYSICIAN, and jealously guards the title, but the old doctor is commonly, and for his many good deeds secretly done, affectionately called "Doc." When a very young doctor meets another very young doctor the surrounding atmosphere is darkened with the "Doctor, Doctor, Doctor," with which each professes every sentence he addresses to the other, but when two old doctors foregather they pull at rank pipes and indulge in the few hearty laughs which come to men whose mission is to alleviate the miseries of their fellows.

The very young doctor maintains an attitude of armed hostility towards the older practitioner, and refers to him as an old fogey and a person upon whose moss-grown back a reindeer could feed and wax fat; but the old doctor, recalling the long-gone days when he was a young physician and optimistic and idealistic, simply and silently regards the other as a pop-gun, and lets it go at that. A large library and an ornate office are held to be necessities by the young doctor, and he loves to have many impressive looking instruments and a row of bottles containing repulsive abnormalities to paralyze the unsophisticated visitor; but the old doctor's office is a den containing a library that could be transported in a shawl-strap and looks like the Old Scratch.

The very young doctor delights in operations and revels in horrid Latin diseases. The paramount point with him is not whether the victim of his zeal recovers, but that science shall be vindicated. He will joyously splash a bushel of eyes or a squad of stomachs for the sake of demonstrating that sci-



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ence is mighty and will prevail. But the old doctor, being a fogey come down from the time when there were no germs and microbes had not been invented, counting the triumph of science as immeasurably less than the alleviation of human agony, approaches a critical case with dread and the heartfelt regret that he did not become a blacksmith, to hammer on insistent iron. Instead of the twitching nerves and agonized flesh of his fellow-men; the while he determinedly does the best he can, trusting to the luck which allies itself to the practice of medicine to, in case his efforts prove inefficacious, cause the draught or bolus he administers to jar the patient into some pathological condition which he is competent to combat.

There is, in his own estimation, only one thing that the very young doctor cannot do, and that is to raise a beard. However, he learns by constant experimenting that the hair of the face can be induced to sprout with considerable umbrageousness just in front of the ears while yet the rest of a youth's frontispiece is a capillaryless desert, and therefore he is generally to be seen with wisps of gosling-hair athwart his auriculars.

Do not deride the very young doctor, nor lightly insinuate, as he comes pompously down the street, clad in his nightly potentiality, his fuddy little side-whiskers, and the shiny tall hat and redundant frock coat which he considers vital to his professional standing, that he is dressed to kill—he may catch you in an extremity week after next, and sight you.

Neither despise his innocent pretensions, for when the pestilence, be it cholera or what not, breaks out, and strong men cower and mothers clasp their babes to their bosoms and sicken with dread, the very young doctor, fired with zeal to live up to the endorsements of his diploma and the darling which incites its possessor to rush in where angels fear to tread, will stand forth, with his nickel-trimmed medicine-case, his idolatrous adoration of science and his ridiculous little whiskers and, side by side with the old doctor, fight the demon of the plague through hopeless days and sleepless nights, and his silk hat will crown a hero or a martyr, just as Fate may have it written over against his name in the Great Book.

And by and by, if he lives, he will be the old doctor, with plenty of whiskers, a crabbled mien and the record of having bestowed more benefits upon his fellow-men, made more unnoticed sacrifices and been more charitable than any other man in the community.

The very young doctor may sometimes appear excuseless, but he has his mission.—Tom P. Morgan in "Harpers Bazar."

An Improved Journalism.

THERE is at least one man who believes that the journalism of to-day is better, on the whole, morally as well as otherwise, than that of the past. This man is Samuel H. Lowe, of Rochester, who says:

"I am of those who believe that the daily newspaper of to-day, barring the exceptionally vicious, sensational and unscrupulous, is an improvement in moral character and tone, as it assuredly is in its professional service, over its predecessor of former years. I believe that, as a rule, it is on a higher level than the individual, social, business and political life which constitutes its environment. The best men in its service are not those fresh from the home and college, but those who have been trained in its ethics as well as in its technique. Constant contact with men, constant treatment, as reporters or editors, of vital questions in their relations to society and the State; constant consideration of the ought, the ought not, and the how, as to what should be published or suppressed, tend to develop in a newspaper man a sense of fitness and responsibility to which the inexperienced writer is a stranger."

"That there is a broad margin left for improvement I would be among the last to deny. The crudeness, the weakness, the vices displayed in some jour-

nals, excite nowhere profounder disgust than in the minds of the better class of editors and reporters. But we look in vain in any profession for absolute exemption from human depravity and fallibility. The process of evolution from the lower to the higher is needed and is going on all about us, and nowhere, it seems to me, more obviously than among the bright, active, energetic and enterprising men and women who are making the daily newspaper of our time."

The Triumph of the Horse.

A few years ago it was a current idea that the horse was passing out, says the Kansas City "Star." It was also a prevalent notion that cavalry was falling into disfavor. Now the horse is stronger than ever. It has become evident, through the lessons of the Boer war, that the soldiers of the future will be largely mounted infantry. The armies of the world will require twice as many horses, perhaps three or four times as many horses, as in the past. The Western horse, answering to the requirements of the United States army, appears to be the favorite animal. He is now in great demand, and the price is bound to go beyond the present high figure. In Europe the mobilization of the armies takes the horses out of the carriage and dray, and losses, in case of war, would have to be supplied from the United States or South America.

A Modern Diagnosis.

"Skinner got a bill the other day for his wife's automobile drives, and he's been laid up ever since."

"What's the matter?"

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LYDE FITCHE'S notorious version of Sapho, which caused Olga Nethersole's arrest and trial, has at last been seen in Toronto. Sapho is objectionable, but not so objectionable as The Degenerates, for while it plays fast and loose with the moral proprieties as ordinarily understood, its characters are less blasé and more human than those of Sydney Grundy's creation. The Degenerates pictures the seamy side of alleged fashionable society, and reveals a number of exaggerated and vulgar drawing-room types against the background of one of the dullest and most trivial stories imaginable. Sapho, like Trilby and Zaza, is a story of Bohemian life in Paris, and if it paints a lot of people with whom none of us would care to be identified in our own lives, it has at least the merit of not being wholly trivial, of not approaching its painful subject in a spirit of mere jocoseness. The story is tragic in the extreme, and shows up sexual impurity as the fruitful source of heart-break and spiritual shipwreck. The dramatist has cut into his subject with merciless hand, and lays bare the whole shocking and pitiable workings of a diseased heart in a most disagreeable manner. Any mature man or woman who can find an attractive picture of wrong-doing in Sapho, is already in a good position to fall into the devil's clutches, and does not require the impetus of a morbid and disagreeable play to send him there.

Sapho is unpleasant throughout—even excruciating at times. Those who contend for a more serious and dignified stage are often sneeringly told that the public do not go to the theater to be instructed or sermonized, but to be amused. How any properly constituted being can be amused by so dreadful a story or such heart-rending scenes as Sapho embodies it is difficult to understand. When Fanny Le Grand, confronted by the prospect of desertion by her lover, falls at his feet in agony of spirit and begs that she might be just his slave—that he might even condescend to kick her—there were people in the audience who were amused and laughed out, as if the woman's self-degradation was a fine piece of humor. I am free to confess I cannot understand the point of view of such persons. If the mission of the theater is to amuse, I fail to see how it is fulfilling its mission through such plays as Sapho.

Those who have seen Zaza know precisely what kind of a woman Fanny Le Grand (the Sapho of Daudet's novel and Fitch's play) is, without any description of mine. The story is briefly this: A beautiful girl, in whom moral sensibility has never been awakened, who has posed for a lewd statue and who has had a dozen lovers amongst the Bohemians and fast young men of Paris, falls in with a country boy who has come to the city to study law. His purity and sense of honor make him a very different man from those who had been till now her associates. He is kind and chivalrous to her and to women in general, and for the first time in her life she commences to feel the sentiment of faithful, honest love. She weaves her net deftly and strongly about him, and he, though made aware of her past life, and at first horrified by it, is finally led captive, and retires with her to a country house, where they live as man and wife. At first all goes well, but the causes of spiritual ruin are at work within him. The memory of the innocent country girl to whom he had pledged himself, together with the loss of all his old friends, causes him to revolt against his new life, and in a paroxysm of selfishness he cruelly and brutally deserts his companion at the very moment when she imagines herself most secure and most happy. Finally he comes back to her again, asserting that he can love none other and begging her to flee with him to a far country. But she has already decided to devote the remainder of her ruined life to her unacknowledged child, and has promised for its sake to marry the father—another derelict who has just served out a term in prison. Therefore she slips away while her lover sleeps, leaving a note to explain all. On this silent farewell to her old life, but also to all her hopes, the curtain is rung down.

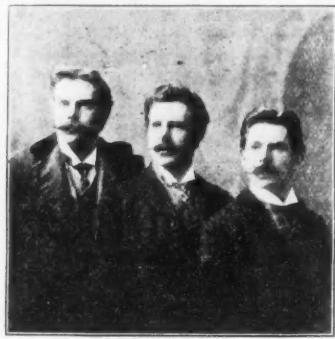
This is not a pleasant story; it is not a normal story. It is entirely abnormal and morbid. It is altogether painful and deplorable. It can have no permanent evil influence on adult minds, though it may leave a disagreeable taste in the mouth for a short while. If it throws a baneful spell over anyone, it will only be over the immature and the already corrupt, and one of the regrettable things about the production of such a widely advertised play is that these are the very ones who are drawn most powerfully by curiosity or a perverted taste to see "the mysterious and forbidden thing." There have been boys in the Toronto Opera House this week whose parents should have seen to it that they were at home and in bed. The play fails to bring forward a single type of honest, virtuous womanhood, and nothing can be more dangerous to those who know life only partially than that which seems to show all womanhood as either trivial or secretly impure. There is a good deal of comedy in the piece, but the bulk, if not all of it, is provided by a giddy old pursuer of women, who should have received a few swift kicks from some indignant father or brother. Although the company presenting the play at the Toronto is unexpectedly strong, and did justice to the piece, it is not likely that many who saw Sapho once will ever want to see it again, even should Nethersole herself bring it here. It is too nauseating, too hard on the

nerves, and one dose is enough to last a normally constituted individual a lifetime.

One of the most beautiful and fascinating fire dances I have ever seen is that given at Shea's this week by Papiata, whom the programme describes as the greatest in her line. This number alone makes a visit to the Yonge street theater a treat, but there are several very entertaining numbers besides this one. Polk and Collins give some excellent banjo music, and a one-act comedy entitled Tactics, by James O. Barrows, Brandon Mitchell, Florence Wilberham and John Lancaster, is both original and amusing. Kelly and Violette give a good singing and change act. Lydia Yeamans Titus mimics the voice and actions of a child with wonderful realism, but the rest of her imitations, songs and recitations are fifth rate. James Richmond Glenroy, "the man with the green gloves," is a disappointment, and the Three Savans, comedy acrobats, are poor by comparison with others in the same line.

For next week, Mr. Shea has arranged another splendid collection of feature acts. Lottie Gilson never has appeared in Toronto, and many will be pleased to hear that she will sing at Shea's next week. During the past winter Miss Gilson has starred with J. K. Emmett in the Emmett and Gilson company. She has six new songs and a number of costly costumes. There is no one on the stage who can imitate Lottie Gilson when it comes to reading a ballad. There are many people in Toronto who are anxious to see the Little Magnet, and doubtless they will take advantage of the chance to hear her next week. Another feature of the show is Bert Coote and Julia Kingsley. Miss Kingsley is Mrs. Coote in private life. A few months ago she started out in a sketch of her own, which has proved to be a great success, but having previously contracted with Mr. Shea for next week, Mr. and Mrs. Coote will appear together in Supper for Two. Mr. Coote is an exceptionally good comedian, and he is splendidly supported by Miss Kingsley. Stuart, the male Patti, who is just over from London, has a fine voice and some of the most expensive costumes ever seen on a stage. He will wear different costumes at each performance. The Three Polos will offer their gymnastic novelty called the Human Trapeze. These three clever acrobats are said to have one of the very best acts before the public. The Rixfords, it is said, have a wonderful novelty, combining music and athletics. It is said to be different from anything seen in vaudeville. The Quaker City Quartette combine music and comedy in a very pleasing manner. They are sure to be one of the laughing hits of the bill. Cook and Sonora have a comedy skit that is full of action, and the Fanchonetti Sisters, three sprightly girls, can sing and dance splendidly.

The following article in reference to three gentlemen well known in Toronto appeared in the New York "Dramatic Mirror," under date of May 5th: "The above picture represents the managerial trio, the Brothers Ernest, Fred and Joseph Shipman, who have won distinction this season by the remarkable feat of making a Shakespearean company pay in the Eastern and New England States. They have a method of securing business distinctly their own, and their tour has brought out a continuous series of large and well-pleased audiences. Their present season will close on or



SHIPMAN BROTHERS.

about July 12. By arrangement with Daniel Frohman they will present The Prisoner of Zenda in Canada next season, at the same time continuing their Shakespearean company in the Eastern States. The brothers have had a considerable theatrical experience, and their concentrated triple management insures success to almost any venture." The Brothers Shipman have also decided upon a second company for a Canadian tour of one hundred nights, presenting Shakespearean and romantic plays. The dates for this and The Prisoner of Zenda company are already contracted for, and most of the talent engaged.

Ben Hur has closed its run in New York, one hundred and ninety-four performances in all having been given. The play was first produced at the Broadway Theater on Wednesday evening, November 29, last. On the day of the opening the advance sale was over \$27,000, exceeding any of the kind ever known. The line at the box office never broke from the time it opened in the morning till it closed at night for sixteen weeks. Ben Hur has been seen by over 400,000 people. Its largest week was New Year's week, when the receipts were \$10,015.60. The week before the receipts were \$18,243.20. The weeks of February 17th and 24th it played respectively to \$18,514.40 and \$18,892.95. Its four largest weeks aggregated \$74,666.15, an average of over \$18,000 per week. Ben Hur's average receipts for the entire season have been very much above \$16,000.

Miss Helen Byron, formerly of the Cummings Stock Company, and more recently leading lady at the Theatre Francaise, Montreal, is to open a week's engagement at the Princess on Thursday evening, with her own company, in Delmonico's At Six. I have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Byron in this bright comedy, and if it is given a production here anything like as good as that she gave it in Montreal last January, it will be well worth going to see.

A most pathetic and original story is told in A Grip of Steel, which will be the attraction at the Toronto Opera House during the ensuing week. The scenes of the piece alternate between Paris and the French village of Rougival. The central figure is Ronjarre, a man of prodigious physical strength and strongly marked character, who is thrown among a band of outlaws early in life. His better nature at length asserts itself, and he reforms. He has been the leader of the outlaws, however, and a price is placed upon his head; but he succeeds for years in baffling all efforts of the police to capture him. In Rougival, where he is known as Gaston Lemaire, he meets Henriette, a girl who, although blind, possesses rare personal beauty. Despite the fact that he has become an enemy of society, he listens to the promptings of love and marries Henriette. He hopes to keep her forever in ignorance of his misdeeds, but his dream of happiness is shattered by Edouard Gaudel, a traitorous member of the outlaw band, who discloses to the police the fact that Gaston Lemaire and Ronjarre are identical. This revelation overwhelms Henriette with grief. She urges Ronjarre to escape, and steadfastly refuses to aid the authorities in effecting his capture. Gaudel, however, gives the detectives the scent, and he is taken. The shock kills the wife. Ronjarre escapes from prison and discovers Gaudel among the dancers at a masked ball, which is turned into a tragedy when Ronjarre, in the most sensational scene of the drama, fulfils his vow and kills him. Manager Fielding promises an excellent company of players and effective and picturesque scenery.

If it is true that difference of opinion makes horse races it is equally true that horse races are a prolific cause of difference of opinion.

Golf.

THE Metropolitan Women's Golf Association will hold their first annual championship matches on the links of the Morris County Golf Club, June 11 to 15, inclusive. This tournament is going to do much for the championship of the United States, which is fixed for August at the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club. The American women are not easily rattled, and it takes a great deal, possibly, to put them off their game, but it is one thing to take part in unimportant club and inter-club events, and quite another to face a bigger field, such as will meet on the Morris County links next month. The wider experience to be gained at the latter tournament is very apparent, and will, no doubt, result in golf of a much higher standard than the American women have yet shown.

A new club house is being built by the members of the Peterboro' Golf Club, who are very enthusiastic over the game this season.

The Fernhill and Rosedale clubs expect to finish up their foursomes and play off the finals in the trophy matches this week.

The women's interprovincial match seems to be falling through, so far as a meeting this spring goes. The Montreal and Quebec teams are doubtful about being able to get up.

The annual match between the ladies of the Rosedale and Fernhill clubs will be played on the Rosedale links on Monday, the 4th June.

Mr. Horace Hutchinson is credited with saying that ladies take a more mercenary view of golf than men, and a writer in "Golf Illustrated" asserts that she recently heard of a lady who refused to enter for some club competition because "the prize was not worth playing for." If there are any more like her, they should go to France. A list of prizes given at Cannes the other day, would probably satisfy the worst type of pot-hunter. They included the great silver challenge cup of the Grand Duke Michael, with which goes a smaller trophy; a parolus with handle of amber and colored quartz, exquisitely cut; a pair of circular sleeve links of white enamel and diamonds; a handsome pair of old cut glass toilet bottles, with silver tops; a cigarette box of crystal and silver; a splendid silver-gilt tea service, enamelled in many colors, of Russian workmanship; a massive gold cigarette case with a cabochon sapphire and the grand-ducal cypher, in white enamel; a diamond sapphire pin; a brooch with diamonds in the form of a golf club, set with rubies; a large silver tankard with the princely cypher engraved on the lid; a brooch of rubies and diamonds, and a silver cigarette case.

Apropos of the recent English amateur championship, Vardon's opinion is that the winner, H. H. Hilton, is the best amateur golfer in the world. Vardon ought to know.

The date of the return Rosedale-Toronto match has been definitely fixed for June 2.

H. M. Harriman, amateur champion of the United States, is not thought to be a very dangerous man this year. The general idea seems to be that Findlay Douglas, for one, will have little trouble in defeating him, while in the championship tournament of the Metropolitan Golf Association this week, at least half a dozen are expected to make a better showing. Among them are Travis, Watson, Jr., Hollins, Jr., and Craig M. Hamilton.

There has been some talk of bringing Vardon to Toronto to give an exhibition match on his return to America. The success of the scheme depends entirely upon the financial strength of the club members and their willingness to subscribe the necessary funds to bring him here. He asks \$250 and his expenses. The British champion is finding golf a very paying game. He receives \$6,500 per annum as representative of a sporting goods house, and \$250 for every exhibition game. He has, as well, three months every year to devote to his own individual interests, and in that time nets a considerable amount in purse matches.

The Toronto club began the Osler trophy matches last Saturday.

A team of thirteen from the Rosedale club played Hamilton on the links of the latter last Saturday. The match ended in a draw. Malloch and Capon tied, leaving six of each team up, the score being 18 to 18. The Hamilton course, by the way, has been much improved since last year, most of the rough stones having been removed.

It seems hardly possible that rumor can be right in saying that some of the best known golfers of the Dominion are advocating that the International be dropped. It is true that the Canadians were beaten on their own links two years ago, and again last year at the Morris County links, by something like 70 holes, but overwhelming as their defeat was, and no doubt would be again, it would hardly improve their standing or elevate them in the opinion of their opponents if they, without apparent reason, declined to meet the United States. It must be remembered that the latter has a tremendous field of strong players from which to pick their team, while the number of really good golfers in Canada is decidedly limited. Under the circumstances no one expects that the Canadian team could possibly win, but even in the face of certain defeat, golfers as a body consider that it would be a most lamentable thing should the International be dropped. It is also an undeniable fact, as something of an offset to their defeats, that the golf clubs of Canada have never yet put against the golfers of the United States a full team of their strongest players. It is useless to speculate where the fault lies, but the fact remains that Canada could make a much better showing than she has yet done.

HAZARD.

Notes From the Capital.

Mrs. Fitzgugh and her sisters, the Misses Dainty, have been the guests of Mrs. Harriss lately, but owing to their being still in deep mourning for their father, they took no part in any of the gaieties of last week. They went up to Toronto the beginning of this week with Mr. and Mrs. Harriss, whose visit was in connection with Torquill, on Tuesday evening.

On Wednesday night, before a large and fashionable audience, Torquill was sung here in the Russell Theater, and it proved quite up to the expectations aroused by all that had been said of it beforehand. On the 24th there were two concerts in the Russell Theater given by the Boston Festival Orchestra and the Vocal Quartette from Boston, who took part in Torquill.

Mrs. Langtry was accorded a great reception in Ottawa. The theater was never so crowded before. Her generous action in giving the evening's profits to the Fire Fund drew criticism of the morality of the play, and induced many persons to go and see her who otherwise would not have thought of patronizing her or her play than they would of going on the stage themselves.

Lord and Lady Minto, however, were not in the vice-regal box at the presentation of The Degenerates. Several male members of their staff occupied the box on that occasion. His Excellency was out of town on a fishing expedition, and Lady Minto, it was said, had a chill. Nor did Mrs. Langtry de Bahe dine at Government House, as was largely advertised. She neither dined nor lunched there. She was the guest of honor at a supper party given by Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Dobell, after the play, and at it she looked very handsome and charming in a well-fitting tweed travelling gown. After supper the actress recited a patriotic

poem by Alfred Austin, the poet laureate. Two members of her company were with Mrs. Langtry at Mrs. Dobell's supper: Mr. Kerr and Mr. George Grossmith, Jr. Those invited to meet her were Mrs. C. E. Harriss, Mrs. William Macdougall, Miss Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Hon. Senator J. W. Macdonald, and several others. The flowers presented to Mrs. Langtry in the Russell Theater were magnificent, and so numerous that she could not take them all away with her.

The garden party at Government House last week benefited by a necessary postponement from Friday to Saturday owing to bad weather on the first-mentioned day. Saturday was one of those rare days when everybody agrees that the weather is about perfect. Then it seemed a fitting celebration for the day on which the good news from Mafeking came. The grounds at Government House were gay with flags, and the guests were in perfect accord with the patriotic and loyal tunes played by the Guards' band. The sunshine was brilliant, but there was a spring chilliness in the air which caused the gowns of tailor-made to supersede dress of light and airy fabric. Lady Minto looked well in a plainly made gown of fawn cloth, a becoming toque with a good deal of light blue in it and some pink roses peeping out from the soft fluffy feather boa that formed almost a cape over her shoulders and hung to the waist in front. The children were there, frolicking over the green, all of them in white, even Lord Melgund and his brother, the Hon. Esmond Elliot, who wore white sailor suits. Lady Eileen, Lady Ruby, and Lady Violet were pictures all of them, in sheer white muslin frocks with bands of ecru insertion running in lines down the skirt and across the bodice, and large flower-like hats of rose pink chiffon. Refreshments were served in a couple of large marquees on a pretty lawn encircled by trees at the upper end of the grounds. At the other end, that is, near the house, there were also refreshments, the racquet court, as usual on these occasions, serving as a tea-room. Here the tables were adorned with jars of magnificent pink roses which filled the room with perfume. The garden was a treat to those who love pretty gardens. It was certainly looking its best with the lawns and trees clad in the fascinating shades of light spring green, and a parterre of tulips of brilliant reds and yellows, of which the vice-regal gardener might well feel proud. Then there were the smart gowns of the women, to admire which seems the chief object of the guests at a garden party. Among the strangers one noticed were Mrs. Montzambert and her daughters, who have lately come here from Toronto, and who, under the chaperonage of Dr. Montzambert, were making their first appearance in Ottawa society. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were there. Sir Henry and Lady Strong, Hon. William Mulock, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Mrs. Fielding, and the Misses Fielding, Mrs. and Miss Dobell, Sir Sandford Fleming, Hon. Sidney Fisher, Madame Laverne and Miss Laverne, Mrs. C. E. Harriss in a charming black and white gown, and many other well-known people.

On Tuesday Lord and Lady Minto and suite left for Toronto, where they intend giving a State reception on Saturday night. There will be other people from the Capital in Toronto for the Races.

The Ladies' Golf Club is sending up a team to play Toronto and Rosedale on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. Some of these ladies intend going up about the middle of this week, so as to take in some of the gaieties of the Races. The ladies on the team are Mrs. Henry Egan, Mrs. Gill, Mrs. Charles Sparks, Miss Scott, Miss Lemoine, Miss Gormully, Miss Mabel Thomson, and Miss Sweetland.

The Countess of Minto attended the "talk" given by Mrs. Hoodless, of Hamilton, in the Normal School, on Friday evening. The subject was Domestic Science as a necessary part of every young woman's education, a subject Mrs. Hoodless has very much at heart, understands thoroughly, and handles so deftly that the task of setting it before the public has been given to her by the Ontario Government. His Worship the Mayor was to have filled the office of chairman, but he was otherwise engaged with the excited crowd in Sparks street, where shouts for a speech were followed by cheers that drowned it.

AMARYLLIS.

Queen Victoria's Memories.

The full extent of the Victorian era can be measured by the fact that Queen Victoria has seen eleven Lord Chancellors, ten Prime Ministers, six Speakers of the House of Commons, at least three Bishops of every See, and five or six of many Sees, five Archbishops of Canterbury and six Archbishops of York, five Commanders-in-Chief. She has seen five Dukes of Norfolk succeed each other as Earl Marshal, and has outlived every duke and duchess and every marquis and marchioness who bore that rank in 1837. She has outlived every member of the Jockey Club and every Master of the Hounds who flourished in 1837. She has seen seventeen Presidents of the United States, ten Viceroys of Canada, fifteen Viceroys of India, and France successively ruled by one King, one Emperor, and seven Presidents of a Republic.

Women as Novelists.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD has been discussing woman's success in fiction. "In other fields of art," she says, "they are still relatively amateurs, or their performance, however good, awakens a kindly surprise. Their position is hardly assured; they are still on sufferance. Whereas in fiction the great names of the past, within their own sphere, are the equals of all the world, accepted, discussed, analyzed, by the masculine critic, with precisely the same keenness and under the same canons as he applies to Thackeray or Stevenson, to Balzac or Loti." She thinks the reason of their comparative failure in the other arts and success in fiction is to be found in the fact of woman's ignorance of the methods and traditions of all other arts, and in her knowledge of the art of speech. She has practiced the latter for generations and contributed largely to its development. The arts of society and letter-writing pass naturally into the art of the novel. In the case of poetry, one might imagine a similar process going on, but it is not so far advanced. It will, however, come in proportion as woman has widened her contact with the manifold world.

Although woman's range of material is necessarily limited, on account of the hundreds of subjects and experiences from which her sex debar her, yet in the one subject of love between man and woman, which is of interest to all the world, she is eternally at home. "But it is love as the woman understands it. And here again is her second strength. Her peculiar vision, her omissions quite as much as her assertions, make her welcome." Tenderness, faith, treason, loneliness, parting, yearning, the fusion of heart with heart and soul with soul, the ineffable illumination that love can give to common things and humble lives, these, after all, are perennially interesting things in life; and here the woman-novelist is at no disadvantage. Her knowledge is of the center; it is adequate, and it is her own.

Discussion Before "Joining the Ladies."

First Convivial Party—I rec'lleckpictcherin "Punsh" where chap d'cided whether he wash shewer'd or no if he could pronounsh wordsh "Brishh Conshooosh'un."

His Friend (halt a bottle ahead of his companion)—Yesh—but I know better teshthan that—if you can pronounsh plainsh—I'm a Fish-ry Commish—no, I mean "Fish Commish"—no—(very distinctly)—"Fish-er-ee Com-mish-ner" (Triumphantly.) There!—then—(collapsing)—you're all ri.

But on second thoughts they don't "join the ladies."

Anne Enforces Discipline.

"DON'T like sick people," said Anne to the enthusiastic young doctor. "They don't seem like proper human beings to me. Of course, I feel awfully sorry for them, as I do for cripples, but if they think I'm going to encourage them in their ways, they might just as well give up the idea. People have no right to have diseases and think that fate is unkind to them."

"You had measles not so long ago," suggested the young doctor.

"I know, but I'm not proud of it. It was all my own fault. I would read novels with sad endings, and get the blues, and get cross, and sulk and feel hateful. I needn't have had even a cold if I had behaved myself. I just felt myself getting something every day, but I thought it was fever, instead of the result of temper that it was."

"Where did you get that idea? You are wrong. You got the blues and felt bad-tempered because your system was run down; you didn't get sick because you felt hateful." The young doctor was so sure.

"I don't believe it," said Anne, who is never sure of anything. "What would cause my system to give way if it wasn't temper in the first place?"

"Overwork," said the young doctor promptly.

"Yes, but it couldn't have been. I never work," said Anne.

"Well, worry, then," he said.

"But worry is just the same as temper and blues and hatefulness. Nobody has any right to worry. You don't worry with your feet or your physique, do you?"

"But worry is an effect, not a cause," objected the young doctor.

"How do you know?" asked Anne.

"How do you know anything?" asked the doctor, who didn't like questions.

"I don't know anything," said Anne, serenely.

"Well, then, what is the use of arguing?" said the young man, discouraged.

"Well, I want you to tell me what you know," she said.

"What do you want me to tell you?" he said, resigned.

"Tell me why worry is an effect instead of a cause."

"Well, before you can worry you have to have something to worry about, and that something is the cause; therefore worry is caused by something, and is an effect."

"But you said worry made me have the measles, so worry must be a cause, too, and measles only an effect."

"But just here the young doctor thought of something else."

"I didn't say that worry made you have the measles, but that worry weakened your constitution and let the germs get their work in, when they might not have stood a chance if you had been strong as usual."

"Well, you may be right. This argument is tapering off too much. Let us try another issue. Why should people think it is clever to worry themselves sick, and why should bad temper not make them sick as well as worry?"

"Worn-out nerves make you bad-tempered, and worry or excitement wears out the nerves," said the young doctor.

"Well, what is worry?" said Anne, who had no use for an argument that she got the worst of.

"It is a combination of fear and impatience," said he.

"Is it any use?" asked Anne.

"Well, you are not so apt to make a chump of yourself if you worry a little. It keeps you from getting too gay," he said with a sigh.

"Are you sure it does you good? Fear and impatience are both usually condemned by philosophers," insisted the girl.

"Do you worry—and if you do, aren't you ashamed to confess that you ever harbor fear in your heart, even when it's mixed with impatience?"

"There are different kinds of fear. I shouldn't like to say I was afraid of a gun or the dark, but I feel it's my duty to fear the future, and the possibilities of being unsuccessful or unappreciated."

"Aren't you afraid that some day the rain will wash everything off the earth?" asked Anne.

"No, I'm not."

"Well, aren't you afraid the world will all catch fire, or something?"

"No."

"Aren't you afraid the birds will eat all the insects and flies, so that the air will become impure and all the trees will be poisoned?"

"No. I'm not worrying about things like that. Mrs. Nature can worry about 'em," said the doctor with conviction.

"Well, I'd as soon worry about things like that as about the future. You might as well make it a rule to be bad-tempered over the way the birds keep the insects thinned out, and the cats keep the birds thinned out, as to worry about it; and the possibilities of your being eaten up by the tigers are about as big as the possibilities of your being unsuccessful or unappreciated."

Anne smiled sweetly on the young man and thus stopped the discussion. When he had taken his departure, she produced a box of candy, and thought about it all.

"I know Jane gets nervous headaches from worrying, so it is wicked for her to worry. I know I get indigestion from bad temper, so it must be wicked to be cross. I never could understand before why things were wrong. But now I see. Still, they might have told me when I was little that if I wasn't good I'd be sick, instead of telling me that God didn't love naughty children. I don't believe I used to care whether God loved me or not. I'm sure I didn't care at all whether the next-door people called me a saucy mix and hated me heartily, or not. But I did feel terribly when they scolded me for breaking their kitchen window. I could feel sorry about the window, but I refused to be sorry for my tendency to be saucy. Still, they needn't have broken my heart and spoiled my appetite for their old window. They scared me nearly to death. I have no capacity for feeling sorry now. I haven't had ever since I enjoyed Brice Carlton's reproachful insinuations when I jilted him. All the girls said I was cruel, and felt sorry for him; but I just fairly felt like chuckling with satisfaction myself. I was so scared to do it that I was laid up with the chills for two days before, but when I saw him I didn't feel a bit afraid. So I don't believe in worry. You generally rise to an occasion just as well without any preparation of a disturbing character."

"If there is any sense in the idea that you can read character from the shape of people's noses or mouths, then you should be able to tell what is the matter with them by the kind of character they have. People who get sick headaches generally worry a lot, and carry loads of responsibility. People who get hysterics generally try to rule everything in sight; the people who are always getting indigestion are cranks, and a crank is a person suffering from insufficient mental nourishment. People who get apologetic feelings when they are angry are generally gourmands. People who throw furniture around when they are jealous or angry, get gout. People who get heart disease are generally lacking in sense of humor, and people who are dishonest get scared, which is worse than any other ailment."

"Of course, I don't know for sure, but I hate to even argue about a thing that I haven't got something to say about. I don't really mind sick people. I like to get up pretty things for them to eat, and pound their pillows and make them laugh, and choke medicines down their reluctant throats, and scold them for nothing, and get awfully scared they are going to die, and make up my mind they sha'n't."

Anne stared reflectively into the fire for about five minutes; then she observed, with great solemnity: "Any how, I didn't dirt this afternoon. I don't see why one should have to go to work and argue about things that don't matter, just to keep people from suspecting you of flirtatious inclinations. I think it's horrid, because you have to oppose everybody's special pet hobby to keep their minds occupied profitably, and you always get the worst of it. Now, if it was your own hobby, it would be some fun. Still, discipline must be maintained," she concluded cheerfully, as the doctor's parting smile occurred to her. "I must have said

something that pleased him, in spite of myself," she said.

JL.

Sir John Macdonald's Effects Sold.

IT is not often that an auction sale is the scene of so fashionable a gathering as was the auction sale at Earncliffe last week, when the furniture which was used by Sir John Macdonald, the bed he slept in—and died in, by the way—the wardrobe where his clothes were kept, the desk at which he wrote, his books, his pictures, in fact all his belongings, went down before the hammer, and were bought for fancy prices as historic relics by admirers of the great Canadian statesman. Not to have made some purchase at the Earncliffe sale is what few persons with aspirations after social distinction like to own up to, and not to have been there at all puts one quite outside the pale. It was certainly the most interesting auction sale that ever took place in Ottawa, not only on account of the things that were sold, but the people who were there to buy. There were many good bargains picked up there, too, for while the articles valued because of associations connected with them were bid up, in some cases absurdly high, many things without any "associations" but of modern make and of much utility, went very cheap. A kitchen range which cost the Huttons less than a year ago something well over a hundred dollars, was bought by a practical housekeeper for ten dollars. It had no "associations," but few will deny that a kitchen range is better without them. A desk made of many kinds of Canadian wood, a very hideous piece of furniture, but valuable for the reason that it had been presented to Sir John by some organization or other, and was much prized by him, sold for about three times its actual value.

There was something sad about it all, even though the crowd gathered there to buy up these relics was a well-dressed and a merry one. The dismantled rooms of Earncliffe, open to any who cared to enter, recalled to those who had known it as the stately home of a Prime Minister other and happier days. There was a moral easily read in the photographs that went down before the stroke of the relentless hammer: photographs of distinguished men and beautiful women of whom many people in Canada spoke ten years or so ago. There was a framed photograph of a young Canadian woman, a violinist, little more than a girl in this picture—it was bought for twenty-five cents by someone who knew her not—for the frame. And now Earncliffe is empty, and almost directly carpenters, painters, and decorators will take possession of it, and get it in readiness for the new proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Harriss, who will occupy it on their return from abroad in the autumn.

AMARYLLIS.

Leaves From a Cynic's Diary.

A FAT subscription covers a great mass of selfish indolence.

Strange that a fellow can't keep up his end of the conversation at a dinner party, but thinks of millions of things to talk about in church or at a theater.

Many popular subscription lists represent quite as much ostentation as cash.

The taste of the multitude in most matters can be depended on not to rise above a ham and eggs standard.

If everyone who puts himself down for a V when a good cause calls for funds, would go off quietly and do five dollars' worth of practical good, the millennium would be hastened slightly on its way.

Every man is shrewd enough to lay his money on the winner—in his own estimation.

When the gentleman you're dealing with grows plausible, look into his proposition with a microscope.

The fellow who shouts "Corruption!" the loudest is generally the one who will stand some watching on the side-lines and concessions.

Mr. Dooley on Alcohol as Food.

CAPT. CHARLES E. WOODRUFF, assistant surgeon of the United States army, has created a mild sensation by an article in the Philadelphia "Medical Journal" on the food and drink problems of the forces in the Philippines. The particular statement that has stirred up the hornets is that a certain amount of alcohol is necessary in the tropics, owing to the terrible exhaustion that results from long exposure to heat and moisture. "I look upon alcohol in moderation," says Dr. Woodruff, "as an extremely valuable food in the tropics to counteract the excessive oxidation which in three weeks will make a man lose forty pounds in weight."

In the bitter discussion which this assertion has aroused, the good-humored Mr. Dooley chirps in. Here is his conversation on the subject with Mr. Hennessy, as reported in "Harper's Weekly":

"If a man come into this saloon—" Mr. Hennessy was saying.

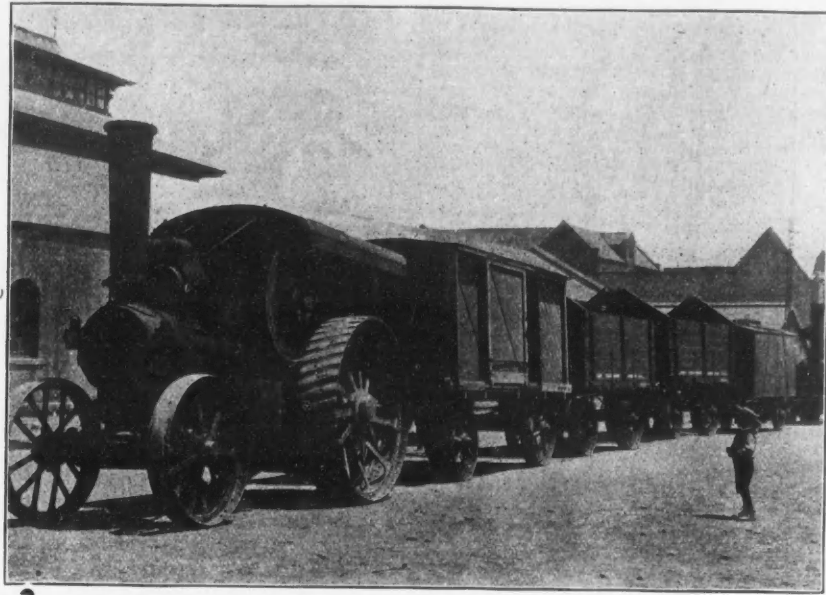
"This ain't no saloon," Mr. Dooley interrupted. "This is a restaurant."

"A what?" Mr. Hennessy exclaimed.

"A restaurant," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye don't know, Hin-nissy, that liquor is food. It is, though. Food—an' drink. That's what a doctor says in th' pa-pers, an' another doctor wants th' Governor to send him th' stuff down to th' Philippines. He said 'tis almost insinual that people shud drink in thim hot climates. Th' perspiration don't dry on thim after a hard pursuit iv Aggynaldoo an' th' capture iv Gin'ral Pantaloons de Garshy; they begin to think iv home an' mother sindin' down th' lawn-sprinkler to be filled with bock, an' they go off somewhere, an' not bein' able to dry thimself with drink, they want to die. Th' disease is called nostalgia or home-sickness, or thirst."

"What we want to do fr our sojer boys in th' Philippines besides killin' thim," says th' ar'my surgeon, "is make th' place more homelike," he says. "Manny iv our boys hasn't had th' delectum thremens since we first planted th' Stars an' Stripes," he says, "an' th' bay'nits among th' people," he says.

Transporting Supplies for the Army.



THIS PICTURE SHOWS ONE MEANS ADOPTED FOR CARRYING SUPPLIES AND MUNITIONS ACROSS THE AFRICAN VELD FOR FORCES THAT ARE DISTANT FROM THE RAILWAY.

I wud be in favor iv havin' th' rigimints get their feet round wanst a week, at laste," he says. "Lave us, he says, 'reform th' reg'lations,' he says, 'an' instruct our sojers to keep their powder dry an' their whistles wet,' he says."

"Th' idee ought to take, Hin-nissy, fr th' other doctor la'ad has discovered that liquor is food. 'A man,' say he, 'can live fr months on a little booze taken fr'm time to time,' he says. 'They's a gr-reat dale iv nourishment in it,' he says. An' I believe him, fr manny's th' man I know that don't think iv eatin' when he can get a drink. I wondher if th' time will ever come when ye'll see a man sneakin' out iv th' family entrance iv a lunch-room hurridly bitin' a clove! People may get so they'll carry a light dinner iv a bottle iv rye down to their wurruk, an' a man'll tell ye he niver takes more th'n a bottle iv beer fr breakfast. Th' cook'll give way to th' bartender, an' th' doctor'll order people fr to ate on'y at meals. Ye'll r-read in th' pa-pers that 'Anton Boozinski, while crazed with ham an' eggs, tried to kill his wife an' childer.' On Patrick's day ye'll see th' Dr. Tanner Anti-Food Fife an' Drum Corps out at the head iv th' procession instead iv th' Father Machews, an' they'll be places where a man can be took when he gets th' monkeys fr'm immoderate eatin'. Th' sojers'll complain that th' liquor was unfit to drink an' they'll be inquiries to find out who sold embammun' flood to th' ar-m'y. Poor people'll have simple meals—p-rhaps a bucket iv beer an' a little crame de mint, an' ye'll r-read in th' pa-pers about a poor family found starvin' on th' North Side, with naevin' to sustain life but wath small bottle iv gin, while th' head iv th' family, a man well known to th' polis, spins his wages in a low doggerly or bake-shop fuddlin' his brains with custard pie. Th' r-rich'll intrajose novelties. P-raps they'll top off a fine dinner with a little hasheesh or prossic acid. Th' time'll come when ye'll see me in a white cap fryin' a cocktail over a cook-shove, while a nigger hollers to me, 'Dhrav a stock iv Scotch,' an' I holler back, 'On th' fire! Ye will not.'"

"That's what I thought," said Mr. Hennessy.

"No," said Mr. Dooley. "Whisky wudn't be so much iv a luxury if twas more iv a necessity. I don't believe 'tis a food, though when me frind Schwartzmeister makes a cocktail all it needs is a few noodles to look like a biled dinner. No, whisky ain't food. I think better iv it than that. I wudn't insult it be placin' it on th' same low plane as a lobster salad. Father Kelly puts it r-right, an' years go by without him lookin' on it even at Hallowe'en. 'Whisky,' says he, 'is called th' devil because,' he says, 'tis wan iv th' fallen angels,' he says. 'It has its place,' he says, 'but its place is not in a man's head,' he says. 'It ought to be th' reward iv action, not th' cause iv it,' he says. 'It's fr th' end iv th' day, not th' beginnin',' he says. 'Hot whisky is good fr a cold heart, an' no whisky's good fr a hot head,' he says. 'Th' minyit a man relies on it fr a crutch he loses th' use iv his legs. 'Tis a bad thing to stand on, a good thing to sleep on, a good thing to talk on, a bad thing to think on. If it's in th' head in th' mornin' it ought not to be in th' mouth at night. If it laughs in ye, dhrink; if it weeps, swear off. It makes some men talk like good women an' some women talk like bad men. It is a livin' fr orators an' th' death iv bookkeepers. It doesn't sustain life, but, whin taken hot with wather, a lump iv sugar, a piece iv lemon peel, an' just th' dustin iv a nutmeg-grater, it makes life sustainable.'"

"D'ye think ye'llsif it sustains life?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It has sustained mine fr manny years," said Mr. Dooley.

Ignoramus!

SOME years ago, a well-educated Englishman, visiting for the first time in Canada, and stopping as a guest at a Toronto hotel, inquired of the clerk, a few days after his arrival, whether the bear-shooting was pretty good in the woods about Toronto, as he was anxious to bag a grizzly before writing home. The ignorance of the average Old Countryman about America in general, and Canada in particular, is proverbial. I remember having as a fellow-passenger on a Lake Superior steamer, four or five years ago, a young Oxford clergyman—a globe-trotter—who was astonished at seeing no ice-fields in mid-summer on that great inland sea. He had fully anticipated that a trip from Sault Ste. Marie to Fort William by water would be almost as exciting (and quite as picturesque from the standpoint of the letter-writer) as a voyage in quest of the North Pole with Nansen. Such cases are numerous; we have all met with them. They are flattering neither to a Canadian's sense of his country's importance nor to the Englishman's knowledge of things outside his own island.

One of the most amusing examples of ignorance in the Mother Country concerning the character of Canada and conditions of life here is just now furnished by "Answers," a weekly paper for the multitude, out of which Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, the proprietor, is credited with having literally "made millions." "Answers," of course, is not a high-class publication, nor one which one would expect to be carefully edited, but it is, nevertheless, nothing short of amazing to find that at this day in London, the heart of the Empire, a paper that is read by hundreds of thousands of intelligent Britons should dismiss Canada's physical geography in three lines describing it as a country having "on the east side one of the greatest forest regions in the world; on the west side, a mass of mountains; and in the center, a vast prairie country." This is a correct description of the Dominion as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, and the impression it is likely to convey to one who has no personal knowledge of the country is exceedingly far from the truth.

But the grievance in this case is, after all, trifling. It is when the same paper gets to enlightening its readers about the history and character of that marvellous military organization—the North-West Mounted Police—that its knowledge of things Canadian shines forth with all the luminosity of a London fog. Here is a sample passage from an article appropriately enough headed "An Army Boiled Down":

"There are in the Territory about 30,000 wild Indians,

most of them of fighting tribes, the famous red Indian warriors, who are the fiercest savages in the world. The Mounted Police take charge of them. In 1885 the tribes broke out, and there was a most awful war. Afterwards, when the Police expected to have the war medal, in common with the rest of the Canadian army, they were told that they had only been doing their ordinary duty. Another trifling duty of the Police is to deal with American outlaws, who raid into Canada when they find the United States too hot for comfort. They come to Canada hoping to rob trains, coaches, banks, to steal cattle, burn towns, and teach these beastly Canadians how to live. The Police either run them out of the country, or they are driven to such a state of desperation that they enlist in the regiment. Some of these outlaws have made splendid constables, the rest have been weeded out; but in no case has an American outlaw succeeded in doing any business. Life and property are safer in the wilds of Canada than in London."

This is rich! Any Canadian who reads it is likely to suffer from spasms. But what the Canadian reader suffers is nothing compared with what is likely to be suffered by prospective settlers for the Canadian North-West, or the relatives of prospective settlers, into whose hands this particular issue of "Answers" may have fallen.

How it happens that "life and property are safer in the wilds of Canada than in London," when there are 30,000 untamable savages in the North-West, and when the country is eternally open to the attacks of armed bands of outlaws, who rob trains, burn towns, etc., the millionaire editor of "Answers" does not undertake to explain. The conclusion is likely to appear to the average denizen of the British Isles as one which the premises scarcely justify.

While the Dominion and the provinces are annually expending several hundreds of thousands of dollars to attract British immigrants to our unoccupied lands, the worst enemies to the settlement of the country continue to be the Canadian publisher who gets up "ice palace editions" or "Canadian Christmas cards," showing nothing but snow-drifts and log cabins, and the British publisher who insists on writing up Canada as a frozen waste inhabited by wild Indians and Esquimaux and a few Europeans who are compelled to keep scalping-knives by their sides, and dress in furs in midsummer. It might be feasible for Parliament to set aside a few thousand dollars per annum as a reprieve fund to buy off these "literary" fellows, and if they cannot be bought off a vigilance committee or Highbinder's society, or Mafia organization, might perhaps be gotten up to choke them off, individually, as they bob up with their "all-fired rot."

ZETA.

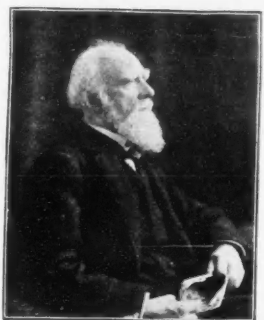
Interesting Figures in Current Events.

General Kouropatkin, Russian Minister of War, is a figure who comes into increasing prominence as the prospect of Russian intrigues in the Far East giving rise to war grows darker. Kouropatkin is said to be a genius in organization. He is doing wonderful things in perfecting the huge Russian army. His country is gradually tightening her grip on Northern China, threatening it, it is said, Korea, and making war with Japan a possibility. The two lines of Russian advance, aside from that in Northern China and towards Herat in Afghanistan, which are viewed as menacing the peace of Europe, are in Turkey and in Persia.



GENERAL KOUROPATKIN.

Of the menace in Turkey little is positively known beyond the fact that Russia has been urgently demanding of the Sultan exclusive railway control and privileges in northern and north-eastern Asia Minor. Russia's movements on Afghanistan threatening British India, and on Persia involving ultimately the control of the Persian Gulf are expected, if pushed to any length, to call forth British protest, and ultimately a forcible resistance. Lord Strathcona is said to have become one of the most popular public men in the British Isles. He has been greatly lionized of late. His munificent gift to the cause of the Empire in South Africa, in the form of a splendid squadron of rough riders, raised, equipped, and maintained at his personal expense, has doubtless much to do with his present popularity, but apart from this, Lord Strathcona has the tact, the sound sense, and the culture necessary to make him a favorite wherever he is known.



LORD STRATHCONA.

"Lilacs"

In lonely gardens deserted—unseen—
Oh! lovely lilacs of purple and white,
You are dipping down through a mist of green
For the morning sun's delight.
And the velvet bee, all belted with black,
Drinks deep of the wine which your flagons hold,
Clings close to your plumes while he fills his pack
With a load of burnished gold.

You hide the fences with blossoms of snow,
And sweeten the shade of castle towers;
Over low, gray gables you brightly blow,
Like amethysts turned to flowers.
The tramp on the highway—ragged and bold—
Wears you close to his heart with jaunty air;
You rest in my lady's girdle of gold,
And are held against her hair.

In God's own acre your tender flowers,
Bend down to the grasses and seem to sigh
For those who count time no more by hours—
Whose summers have all passed by—
But at eventide the south wind will sing,
Like a gentle priest who chanteth a prayer;
And thy purple censers he'll set a-swing,
To perfume the twilight air.

VIRNA SHEARD.

During the recent special session of the Protestant Episcopal House of Bishops in New York, the bishops were invited to take luncheon at the Players' Club with Bishop Potter, who is an honorary member. The bishop arranged to have the luncheon served in the grill-room. Says the New York "Sun":

Just after the bishops had seated themselves at the tables, two members of the club who hadn't heard about their visit came in for luncheon and made for the grill-room. They were stopped by one of the club servants, who told them that members would be served with their luncheon upstairs.

"What's the matter with the grill-room?" asked one of the men.

"The House of Bishops is lunching there to-day," was the answer.

"Who?" inquired the club member.

"The House of Bishops," was the answer. "Bishop Potter and all the other bishops in the United States."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the club member. "I suppose that, dating from to-day, the stage will be considered to have been properly elevated."

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New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, June 12, 10 a.m.
 Lahn, Tuesday, June 12, 10 a.m.
 Trave, Saturday, June 16, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tuesday, June 19, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, July 3, 10 a.m.
 Lahn, Tuesday, July 3, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN

GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA
 Kaiser Wm. II, June 21, 8 p.m.
 Victoria, June 21, 8 p.m.
 Kaiser Wm. II, June 21, 8 p.m.
 Victoria, June 21, 8 p.m.

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This is what you find in the sleeper which runs between Toronto and New York via the Canadian Pacific and New York Central. Any kind of a chop, steak, or chicken can be served from the buffet on short notice. Patrons of this line will appreciate this as a step in the right direction.

Anecdotal.

A lawyer whose want of courtesy was notorious, when arguing before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial rights, remarked: "My lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person. I myself have two little manors—" "We all know it, sir," interposed the judge, with one of his blandest smiles.

An American refugee from the Transvaal tells this story of a school exhibition in Johannesburg shortly after the outbreak of the war. For his benefit this pointed lesson was recited: "Piet," said the master, "conjugate for the stranger I have a gold mine." "I have a gold mine," responded the bright pupil, with scarcely an accent, "Thou has a gold mine. He has a gold mine. We have a gold mine. You have a gold mine. They have a gold mine."

One of the latest after-dinner stories that Chauncey M. Depew tells is aimed at himself. Ambassador Choate was dining, a few weeks ago, with an English lord, who was asking questions about America. Finally he said, "Who is this man Depew?" "Oh," replied Mr. Choate, "he is a prominent politician over there." "Ah, I see," was the reply. "But what is his rank—his station?" "The Grand Central Station," said Mr. Choate's prompt reply. "I see," said the lord, "one of your great middle class."

Senator Hoar's comment on Senator Pettigrew's pronunciation of Latin has been widely repeated as one of the brightest bits of the season. Mr. Pettigrew, who is a tireless talker, insisted on using the phrase "ad infinitum" with great frequency, pronouncing the longer word with an accent on the second syllable. Finally one of his associates corrected him, saying: "Give it the long I, Senator." Mr. Hoar, who overheard this, quietly remarked:

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"The Senator is probably making the short to save the time of the Senate."

One of the Duke of Argyll's strictest rules was that no needy person was on any account to be turned away from Inverary Castle without relief. Another was a peremptory order against disturbing the wild birds in the extensive woodlands in and round the castle demesne. The duke also never by any chance changed his servants, and a settlement on his establishment was a settlement for life. The estimation in which the duke was held in the west of Scotland may be judged from the remark of an Argyllshire farmer when he heard of the engagement of Princess Louise and Lord Lorne: "Eh, mon, and a proud day it will be for Queen Victoria when her daughter marries the eldest son of the MacCallum More."

The late Lord Herschell told a capital story of an inkeeper on the West Coast, who, when discussing the MacCallum More, observed: "Weel, ye see, the duke is in a vera deeficult position; his pride o' birth prevents his associating with cordiality among men of his ain intellect, and his pride o' intellect equally keeps him from associating pleasantly with men o' his ain birth."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in her Reminiscences, recently published, tells of having met Sydney Smith at a party in London.

"At this party, Sydney Smith was constantly the center of a group of admiring friends. When we first entered the room, he said to us: 'I am so busy to-night that I can do nothing but to tell you the evening he found time to seek me out. Mrs. Howe said he, 'this is a rout. I like routs. Do you have routs in America?'"

"We have parties like this in America," he replied, "but we do not call them routs."

"What do you call them, then?"

"We call them receptions," he remarked to someone who stood near us: "Mrs. Howe says that in America they call routs receptions."

He asked what I had seen in London so far. I answered that I had recently visited the House of Lords. Whereupon he remarked, "Mrs. Howe, your English is excellent. I have only heard you make one mispronunciation. You have just said House of Lords. We say House of Lords. Someone near by said, 'Oh, yes, the House is always addressed as My Lords and Gentlemen.'"

"When I repeated this to Horace Mann, it so vexed his gentle spirit as to cause him to exclaim, 'House of Lords! You ought to have said House of Devils!'"

J. K. or "Tiny," Waterman, who died in South Africa two years ago, was known in St. Louis, his home city, as a young man who never lost the "hot end" of any proposition. Some friends once invited him to their shooting club at Kings Lake, near St. Louis, and the first afternoon they stationed Tiny in a ducking tank, or sink box, where they well knew ducks had never been seen. He took the joke good-naturedly, and that night at dinner he pulled a shell out of his pocket and tossed it on the table, with the remark that he "thought he had put all of his shells away." Most naturally, one of the diners cut the shell open with his pocket-knife, disclosing the contents. Tiny seemed astounded at the number of "bullets," as he called them, and asked how many were in a shell. Of course, no one could enlighten him, so he said:

"If you fellows who are hunters really don't know it, seems to me that it is a good betting proposition."

"Good scheme," exclaimed one of his hosts; "let's make it a dollar each as to who guesses nearest to the actual number in the shell."

"As there is only one bet in this proposition," Tiny suggested, "let's make it five dollars a corner," which was agreed to.

Each one wrote on the table-cloth his guess as to the number contained in the shell, and when the pellets were counted it was found that Tiny had guessed the exact number. He accordingly gathered in the thirty dollars, and when he had it safely bestowed, he casually inquired:

"What do you fellows think I was doing in that blamed tank all afternoon?"

Two Heroes.

HAT is the power which influences inanimate things?" asks that awkward questioner, through the post. And in a minute he is up to come before me, in all their contrariness, the inanimate things which are responsible for so many tempers and hot words. There is the telephone with its seven devils and Central's injured voice explaining that it isn't her fault; the collar-button which slips and rolls away into the darkest corner, under the bureau, or down the register. I wonder if ever there was known a collar-button which would roll to the middle of the floor? And the window which sticks, and the latch-key which refuses to turn, and the tack which sits perkily awaiting your unwary foot, business end upmost; and the rocker which gets in your way in the dark, and the door which slips between your careful, groping hands and raps sparks out of the end of your nose, and the snow which gets under your collar, and the wind which whirles it there, and the snow-slide which sits on the roof until you are directly under it and then drops its many pounds suddenly upon your best hat. Bicycle riders could tell tales of the cussedness of inanimate things which would sound untrue and impossible. The bicycle and the telephone are a dead heat in the race for the most perverse of inanimate things. Between them they doubtless account for twenty per cent.

A Settled Thing.

of the wrinkles and grey hair of this much-bothered generation. Some persons believe that every inanimate thing may be the tool of some malicious or beneficent spirit. If so, what a dispersion of the storied Legion which the pigs temporarily lodged may have taken place, to the undoing of bicycle factories and Central!

Those who watch the influences which affect humanity cannot have overlooked the buoyant inspiration which has thrilled the whole civilized world, from the persistent cheerful and successful heroism of the defenders of Mafeking, led and held up by that versatile and delightful personality, Colonel Baden-Powell. Why should one man have such power, and how did he get it? asked a woman. The man seems as many-sided as a cut diamond, and from each facet glints a different brilliancy. He was the leader of the fun, when fun was going, the head of the column when dead earnest was the word, a man who charmed and satisfied society, who cheered and inspired adversity, a recipient man, with a barbed wire fence round his inner soul, and a man who needed the salvation of solitude to keep him strong for himself and for others. Of all the things funny, heroic, kind, and clever, which Baden-Powell has done, there is one which interests me more than all the rest. It is his stealing out at night-time, on the quiet plains, under the silent heavens with their brilliant southern stars, and spending hours alone, or with some company of which the world is not worthy. It may sound far-fetched and uncanny to the materialist, that the hero of Mafeking, upon whose strength and cheer so many weary souls rested, found in that midnight solitude what kept him as he has been, when to said materialist he would better have been in his bed, sleeping the sleep of the rank and file of humanity, who came for their rations at the sound of the bell. It is Baden-Powell on the midnight veldt I like to speculate over.

And another personality looms up, as I think of this plucky Bob (for he is also a Bob; the name seems a bit fortunate just now), that of the saint of Khartoum, General Gordon, whose long trial, the next longest on record, ended in that unspeakably distressing fatality. A greater contrast than the two heroes could scarcely be imagined, but with each was the occult—the unseen—the psychic power, working heroism out of man's common clay. The world was sad for Gordon, and the inspiring thrill of their nobility and spirituality is good for the dull old world. Gordon and his New Testament have not appealed to all classes. Baden-Powell and his cheery insouciance touch every heart, but I venture to believe that identically the same inspiration was the secret of each man's sway. And now, it really begins to look as if Oulja is right, and our boys will be home in the fall.

A Scientific Breakfast.

Rightly selected food will cure more than half the diseases. Try a scientific and healthy breakfast: Fruit of some kind, preferably cooked; a dish of Grape-Nuts, with cream; two soft-boiled eggs. Put two eggs in a tin pint cup of boiling water, cover and set off for nine minutes. Whites will then be the consistency of cream and most easily digested. One slice of bread with butter; cup of Postum Cereal Food Coffee.

On that breakfast you can work like a horse and be perfectly nourished until noon. Your nervous troubles, heart palpitation, stomach and bowel troubles, kidney complaints and various other disorders will gradually disappear and firm solid health will set in.

Why? You have probably been living on poorly selected food, that is food that does not contain the required elements the body needs. That sort of food, and coffee, is the direct or indirect cause of more than half the ills the human body acquires.

Grape-Nuts is a perfectly cooked food and both that and the Postum Food Coffee contain fine microscopic particles of phosphate of potash obtained in a natural way from the grains of the field and by scientific food experts incorporated into food and drink. That element joins with the albumen in food to make gray matter, which is the filling of the brain cells and the nerve centers all over the human body.

A man or woman thus fed is scientifically fed and rapidly grows in vigor and vitality, and becomes capable of conducting successfully the affairs of life. To produce a perfect body and a money-making brain, the body must have the right kind of food, and the expert food specialist knows how to make it. That is Grape-Nuts and Postum Cereal Food Coffee, produced at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Limited, at Battle Creek, Mich.

The Shah to Visit England.

THE Shah of Persia, whose predecessor spent a month in England during the summer of 1889, and who was also here in 1873, is to pay a "Sovereign visit" to that country in July. The Shah will arrive in London about July 2, and he is to be the guest of the Queen at Buckingham Palace, where a State ball and a garden-party will be given during his stay. The Shah will pay a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle a day or two after his arrival in London. It is proposed that the Shah should make a tour through England and Scotland, visiting such representative places as Oxford, Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, and he may possibly spend a few days in Ireland. On returning from his tour, the Shah will pay a farewell visit to the Queen at Osborne before leaving England for the Continent, and at the same time he will spend a day at Portsmouth. It is very probable that a naval review will take place at Spithead during the Shah's visit, but the programme for his stay will not be drawn up until official information has been received at the Foreign Office as to his proposed movements. The Shah has been informed that the beginning of July will be the most convenient time to the Court for his visit to London. It is expected that he will stay in England for about three weeks, and he is to visit the Paris Exhibition either directly before he comes or directly afterwards.

The Khedive of Egypt is also to visit England this summer, and the court officials are in hot water lest he should land in on them while the Shah is still on their hands—in which case there would be some interesting and awkward questions of precedent which it would be just as well to avoid.

The Easiest Way Out.

"No more late hours, remember, Mr. Grimshaw," concluded the eminent specialist. "No more cigars; no more small bottles."

"H'm!" replied Grimshaw, in a non-committal way. "Good day, doctor."

"Pardon me," said the physician, suavely; "but the ah! fee—for my advice is ten dollars."

"Very likely it is worth that amount, but as I have concluded not to take it, of course I owe you nothing." And he departed, leaving the eminent specialist.

AN INTRODUCTION

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"A SETTLED THING."

"Is it right to bet on the Races? I am a new arrival in Toronto, and would like to hear your opinion."

writes a nice woman, on very up-to-date stationery indeed. It's not a matter of principle with me, nor do I think you take that ground. I bet when the others do, and once I won a lot of money, but generally I lose. Betting on the races develops several traits which you may not consider desirable. Greed, temper, backbiting, worry, extravagance, and wrinkles, as sure as fate, my dear woman, follow the earnest staker of money, if loss or gain be of any moment. You don't have to bet if you don't wish to. If you win, it is considered "disky" if you do not go in again for any moderate pool which you are asked to join. Better put a few quarters in your purse, so in for one or two pools on each race, and don't bother the money goes. A pack of noisy, shrieking women may be having fun, but such fun won't appeal to you, perhaps. Well, then, go and sit in your box, or hang on the fence and flirt, or go in for frequent lunches and small tastes of *veuve Cligot*. You can be immensely chic without betting. I assure you.

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by sending reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address to correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Heart's Ease, Leamington.—I. You are one of those who seem to have been neglected. Such neglect was not intentional. 2. Your writing shows ambition, energy, good sequence of ideas, some sense of humor, imagination and adaptability. It is a very good study and should belong to an all-round capable person. A saving practical turn of mind is one of its bulwarks, and a very pleasant temper and capacity for affection two more.

Plus Que Reine.—A strong, dominating and somewhat tenacious person; inclined to pessimism, but not despondent. The will is decided and the mind works largely on impulse. There are hints of impatience, but a generous and probably affectionate disposition is shown. There is no hesitation in asserting yourself, and practical help rather than emotional sympathy is what one might expect from you. Discretion is shown, but with it a general trust and belief in humanity.

David Copperfield.—Aw, dawd, mon, I've forgot yet! 'Tis a great hand ye write! When you put your foot down, it's finished. You have ambitions, and, if strict attention to business will achieve them, they're as good as realized. It's a tremendously clever hand, and has thought lines both broad and deep. By the way, it is quite probable that instead of David you may be Aunt Betsy Trotwood. There's no sex in such a fist as yours, so sorry I did not let you know sooner whether your letter reached me. As to your former one, the dear knows whether it ever got here or not! I don't think I'd forget such writing easily. It's a most interesting study, and the cleverest woman in Canada. Guess whose? The human in your make-up is very strong, and the emotional and material unduly prominent at times. I should say you reject instinctively theories and schemes of life which are just now attracting a good deal of study. I should like to be as strong as you are—but with a difference.

Helen Mar.—We have now, Helen, aren't you feeling nicely now? Your writing is simply adorable! I thought you were getting off some shorthand contractions on me when I first opened your letter. Why all this embroidery, my dear? Your study is really impossible because of them, and if I were you, I'd drop 'em before they become chronic. You are so nice without them—with pretty tastes and refined touches, a very womanly woman; imaginative, perhaps romantic; undecided as the wind, full of impulse and simply incapable of rule or rote, but your ideas run very clearly in their own wiggly way.

Johann der Jager.—If you have strength as well as concentration, which is very strong, you will succeed in anything you're in the least fitted for. But there are those wavering lines! The tendency is to frankness, sometimes a trifle indiscreet; the purpose is steady and has a buoyancy which tells of a strong inspiration. A trifle of selfishness will do you no harm, but beware of narrowness. The liberal soul is the surer to get life's good things. A direct, good-humored, and perceptive method, cheerful, adaptable, not very much given to demonstrative affection, nor liable to be susceptible. Neatness, order and a desire to finish work well are yours.

A Good Complexion

Depends on Good Digestion.

This is almost an axiom, although usually we are apt to think that cosmetics, face powders, lotions, fancy soaps, etc., are the secrets for securing a clear complexion. But all these are simply superficial assistants.

It is impossible to have a good complexion unless the digestive organs perform their work properly, unless the stomach by properly digesting the food taken into it furnishes an abundance of pure blood, a good complexion is impossible.

This is the reason so many ladies are using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they promptly cure any stomach trouble, and they have found out that perfect digestion means a perfect complexion and one that does not require cosmetics and powders to enhance its beauty.

Many ladies diet themselves or deny themselves many articles of food solely in order to keep their complexion clear. When Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used no such dieting is necessary, take these tablets and eat all the good wholesome food you want and you need have no fear of indigestion nor the sallow, dull complexion which nine women out of ten have, solely because they are suffering from some form of indigestion.

Bear in mind that beauty proceeds from good health, good health results from perfect digestion and we have advanced the best argument to induce every man and woman to give this splendid remedy a trial.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found in drug stores, and costs but 50 cents per package.

If there is any derangement of the stomach or bowels they will remove it and the resultant effects are, good digestion, good health and a clear, bright complexion.

"How divinely tall Miss Helene Hauteur is," said Cholly Riche, "She is always very short when with me," returned Willie Boor.

Housewives and Cooks

Salt is of the first importance, not only in the preparation and preservation of food, but also to its proper assimilation and digestion. A pure, soluble, wholesome salt is a necessity in every well-managed kitchen, and to secure this use only

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The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented.

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To induce a cathartic action of the bowels without the objectionable effects of such as griping, etc., so common to the majority of laxatives, no remedy responds to the need of the patient with more satisfaction and celerity than CASCARA LAXATIVE TABLETS (Dr. Hime).

There is no remedy that stimulates nature so well in its effect; no other is better suited to the permanent relief of intestinal inactivity or constipation. Its gentle effect produces the natural function of the bowels. By the use of CASCARA LAXATIVE TABLETS they do not produce the cathartic taking habit, and in all cases where a laxative is indicated they are a help, not a hindrance.

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Studio and Gallery

Now that the magazines have somewhat recovered from Dreyfusism; from Cuba and Deweyism; and from tripping over the Transvaal also—this latter more critically and less enthusiastically in the United States—they have turned their attention to Paris, and there their readers' eyes must needs turn, too.

So Paris and its Exposition—from this point of view, and from that, artistic, religious; and something also of the financial—not quite so much of the last; that will come when the bill comes in—Paris is the sole topic of interest. What she is, and does, and has, we hear much of these days. And as varied as the points of view, so varied are the conclusions, particularly regarding the great Fair.

One laughs at the prototype in the statue which stands for Paris. A lady, in evening costume, and opera cloak, who, with nose in the air and left hand extended, speaks only of life there as pleasure and luxury, and nothing of what makes a nation great. "Not to be compared to the White City for beauty," and even "dirty," have been heard. Of its artistic effect, and of the individual spots, which go to make this total effect, "Scribner's" tells us this month. The architectural feats are not the least attraction. The architects have been "emptied," having had carte blanche as regards money and space. And their work is the backbone of the whole composition, artistically. But the greatest attraction, says M. Hanotaux, of the French Academy, will be the crowds of people. Sixty million visitors on two hundred acres during six months. Yes, life in such a variety of expressions is more significant than all the brick and mortar ever joined, or the statuary ever carved.

To the art student—interesting as is the traditional, the historic to be seen—more interesting still is the life around. And particularly interesting must be the life of the students, who come from all parts to study in the ateliers. Life's tragedies and comedies are exhausted in these lists, surely. "Why the Atelier Julien has not been labelled as a Parisian show place is difficult to understand," says Wm. Morris. The types are infinite, their manner of life a commentary on humanity. Their struggles are full of pathos and of satire; their pleasures regulated by no laws; their fraternity amidst competition is unique. There they live, and work, and play, and carouse, and repent "by the scores, by the fifties, caricatures of men, freaks, grotesques, subjects ready to hand for the cartoonist, material for an infinite number of character sketches"—a whole exposition in themselves.

Out of the \$50,000 devoted by the Dominion Government for new Geological quarters, it is expected an amount will be expended on rooms for the National Gallery, which will probably be in the same building. It is difficult for a stranger in Ottawa to come upon the trail of the Gallery, which represents all the accumulated national art. Few seem to know where it is, and less what it contains. When any other collection of works reaches Ottawa for public exhibition, the Gallery retires to the attic with the rest of the lumber. There is not sufficient room to hang, for instance, the works of the Royal Canadian Academy while the national collection is on the walls. So that no visitor can see both on the same trip. The moderns, probably, do not wish to be compared with the ancients of the land by appearing together. But for many purposes this is very desirable, and will be possible, let it be hoped, in the new building.

The meeting of the Huron Street Art League with the Advisory Board to consider suitable treatment for the head master's room, will result, likely, in the production of an appropriate scheme of color, and artistic appointment.

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T. MOWER MARTIN
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A gentleman leaving the city offers at a bargain two valuable paintings. The subjects are

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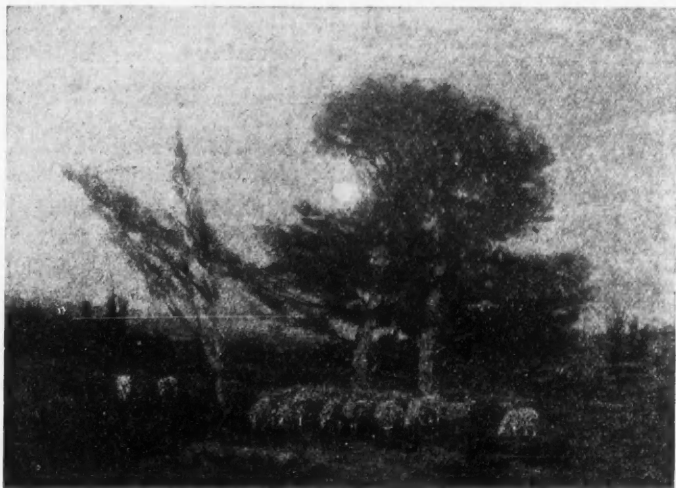
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Water-Color Portraits
Studio—382 Church Street, Toronto

ments for the room. Naturally, both from its aspect and its purpose, it will be different from the kindergarten room finished in Rosedale. Low relief as a frieze, with subjects suitable, and modelled by our own artists, is proposed. The introduction of beautiful forms in this way, as separate panels, or individual figures, is as necessary to a completely artistic room as is, perhaps, a suitable scheme of color. The city leagues have a great work ahead of them, a work which will be successful if pursued unitedly, but which will fall far short of success if attempted individually. To provide suitable low relief is out of the reach of some schools. But for the central committee to acquire certain subjects and material which could be utilized with judgment by all the leagues, is necessary and economical. A prize competition to our artists, either those of Canada or of Toronto only, would bring out suitable matter for low relief, which can be modelled here, we are glad to say. The league has several interests to consider in its work, and among these interests is the fostering, as far as is possible and reasonable, of native art, and the setting of good standards of decoration for



EXAMPLES OF CANADIAN ART. No. 4 "EARLY SEPTEMBER," BY WILLIAM BRYMNER, R.C.A.

the country. This latter should never, surely, be lost sight of. Very wisely, both the leagues which have yet accomplished anything in decoration, have done two things: they have not attempted to spread their efforts over the whole school, doing a little here and a little there; and they have reserved their funds until sufficient was gained to be of some service in making one room a good model.

That an energetic trained artist is appreciated here, is proved in the amount of work, both of teaching and individual productions, which falls to the lot of Miss Muntz. A well-filled studio several days in the week, teaching in Hamilton on other days, and a successful class in St. Margaret's college are surely sufficient for one person's brains and hands. Besides this, however, Miss Muntz has always on the easel studies to which she gives herself for her own development, and added to these are commissions such as the flower pictures—of roses—recently purchased by E. F. B. Johnston, Q.C. Some of the most natural and child-like children hang now on the walls of her studio, her latest being a typical young Canadian in blanket suit and toque, with snowshoes. Miss Muntz goes to Paris and her favorite Holland this summer—where pupils and work await her. She takes no party with her, but expects to be joined there by some young people who will study with her. St. Margaret's art students will sketch out of doors with Miss Muntz while she is here.

Miss Hawley is also busy in Paris, teaching in colorless, and disposing of more of her work than she did in Canada.

The Woman's Art Association are to have a permanent studio in Weston for the summer months, as their headquarters for work. Weston will furnish all the material the W. A. A. can use in one summer. To have one known place of meeting is very much preferable to starting from different points during the summer, as is well known to the lone female seeking for the route of the body which has passed on before, fearfully picking her way through dusty roads, or through the equally fearsome glades where snakes meander so gracefully, and seeing a tramp in the outline of every tree.

The Association gives its president, Mrs. Dignam, a tea previous to her departure for Paris. All the members of the Association will, no doubt, duly notice the occasion. We shall hear, we trust, from Mrs. Dignam of the art of the Exposition, on her return, and we wish her bon voyage.

The arrangements of the Association for the annual exhibition of the results of the summer's work, and also for the annual ceramic exhibition, which comes off in October, are being matured.

The Toronto "Evening Star" has been giving, recently, the opportunity to its readers of obtaining some excellent portraits of distinguished people—Lord Roberts, the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and last week a striking one of Col. Baden-Powell in the brown tones which khaki assumes in print. These portraits are well worth preserving as historical records, and are as well reproduced in color as can be. Under the yellow of the Prince's overcoat is distinguishable the outline of a sword. "Shure and phwat for do he be kaping his umbrella under his coat, at all?" Inquired one art critic.

much, and also to paint portraits. Mr. and Mrs. Reid are already discussing the Catskills, and ere we are quite sure the winter is past, the flitting of the artists assures us of summer.

Quite a satisfactory amount of interest has been taken in the Dutch water color pictures of Geo. Chavignaud, O.S.A., and several have found homes in the city. Only a comparison of bright pictures with these works reveals the strength of the latter. Some are particularly charming because of the apparently little effort necessary to produce them, being composed of a few simple masses of harmonious color. Others are charming because the subject is so thoroughly one and hangs together so well. The greyness of many is also pleasing when it does not descend into too great blackness. In all, the feeling is essentially Dutch, and the technique as well.

JEAN GRANT.

Kipling as a Child.

What sort of a small boy was Rudyard Kipling? Those who are unne-



cessarily interested in the ways of distinguished authors will find some amusement in the remarks of an American girl in London, quoted by the Los Angeles "Times." "I met an army officer's sister who had been in India," she says, "and they were speaking of the Anglo-Indian writer. 'I was brought up with him,' said the army woman. 'You know him, then, as a child?' I asked. 'Oh, yes; Rudyard was the most horrid little wretch of a boy imaginable.' 'And you played with him?' I asked, thinking in my little American way that it would be something to be proud of. 'Played with him? Never. None of us played with him. He was sulky, sensitive, brutal—oh, a little wretch, I assure you. But don't repeat it.' And so I haven't."

Dreaded Meal Time.

The Story of a Dyspeptic Who Has Found a Cure.

There is an Intimate Connection Between Good Health, Happiness and Good Digestion—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring About These Conditions.

From the Tribune, Deseronto.

Without good digestion there can be neither good health nor happiness. More depends upon the perfect working of the digestive organs than most people imagine, and even slight functional disturbances of the stomach leave the victim irritable, melancholy and apathetic. In such cases most people resort to laxative medicines, but these only further aggravate the trouble. What is needed is a tonic; something that will build up the system, instead of weakening it as purgative medicines do. For this purpose there is no medicine equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich the blood and strengthen and stimulate the digestive tract from first dose to last. In proof of this assertion the case of Mr. Thomas A. Stewart, the well known and genial proprietor of the Oriental Hotel, Deseronto, may be quoted. To a reporter of the Tribune, who mentioned the fact that he was suffering from dyspepsia, Mr. Stewart said: "Why don't you take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" Asked why he gave this advice, Mr. Stewart continued: "Simply because they are the best medicine for that complaint that I know of. For years I was a great sufferer from indigestion, and during that time I think I tried a score of medicines. In some cases I got temporary relief, but not a cure. I fairly dreaded meal times, and the food that I ate gave me but little nourishment. On the recommendation of a friend I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a little over a year ago. I soon experienced relief and no longer dreaded meal time, but as I was determined that the cure should be permanent, if possible, I continued taking the pills in light doses for several months. The result is every vestige of the trouble left me and I have as good an appetite now as any boarder in the house, and my digestive organs work like a charm. I may also add that my general health was greatly improved as a result of using the pills."

"Do you object to my publishing this in the Tribune?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I have no desire for publicity," said Mr. Stewart, "but if you think it will help anyone who suffers as I did, you may publish the facts."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

An Allegory.

A CATERPILLAR, busily engaged in surveying the surrounding country, thus spoke to himself:

"What creature can be happier than I, who have ascended to this height, so that I can look down upon the kine and such like unfortunate creatures who will never rise in the world? My dinner is always ready, and I can have as many meals a day as I want, and no one is required to clean plates and dishes. 'Pon me civvy, I believe I am the luckiest creature in existence, and represent Nature's best efforts."

Just then a butterfly flew zig-zagging from the flower gardens beyond, and hearing the caterpillar speaking, he came and settled on a twig near by.

"Hullo, old slow-coach, grumbling, again?" he said airily. "Sir," said the caterpillar, "I was not grumbling. I have every reason to be thankful. 'You, who can't fly and never was in love! If you're content, it only proves that ignorance is bliss.'"

"What can you flighty thing know about bliss? What more can you possess than I have? Food in abundance, an elevated position in society, and a perfect freedom from care."

"Poor thing, and you've never been in love! never had a coy refusal; never chased the eiddy girl until you won her heart. Pooh! you haven't lived," and spying a lady butterfly a little way off he fluttered away hurriedly and was soon chasing his fair innamorata.

"Think of taking so much trouble over a mere feminine," mused the caterpillar sleepily, and soon he slept.

By-and-by he woke, feeling cramped and stiff. The sun was shining warmly, the buzz of a million insects filled the air with music; the scent of earth carpeted with flowers stimulated him to exertion, he twisted this way and that, and the cocoon cracked and he crawled forth; and, sunning himself, presently spread a fine pair of wings.

"How peculiarly handsome I am," he said joyfully; "I have never lived until now," and he flapped toward a vivid flower and was soon enjoying its nectar.

"Very heady, but very delicious," he cried. "Why, a caterpillar doesn't know what sweetness there is in honey. Think of dining on underdone loaf! Faugh!" and he shuddered at the thought, and passed on to taste the delights of another flower.

Presently a little lady butterfly came near, and he quivered with excitement.

"Was anything so beautiful in the whole creation?" he cried; "I would joyfully resign life if I could but win her for an hour," and he flew off after her.

At the close of day he settled on a twig and contentedly folded his wings. "Now I live," he said, "what a delightful idiot a caterpillar is who hasn't seen the world or known its delights."

Germany's Growth.

THE German Empire in its thirtieth year of its age is undoubtedly entitled to the world's admiration. It has justified itself to an extraordinary degree, and surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its founders. Momentous, indeed, are the figures published by Mr. Gastrell, the Commercial Attaché to the British Embassy in Berlin, in his report on the economic position of Germany at the present time. The system of Imperial accounts is not a little confusing, and fiscal alterations and changing methods of taxation render comparison very difficult to establish. Some idea of the growth of prosperity, says the "Outlook," may be gauged from the fact that the net Imperial revenue has grown from 21 millions in 1872 to 73 millions (estimated) in 1899; while the increase in ordinary expenditure for the same years is from 127 millions to 631-2 millions. Since 1874 the population has grown from 41 millions to 56 millions to-day. The annual growth is \$50,000. The population of the United Kingdom is barely 40 millions, and the annual growth \$50,000. The German Merchant Marine has grown from 5 to 8 per cent. of the tonnage abroad since 1872. In that year there was no Imperial debt; there is now an indebtedness of 115 millions, and the last Navy Bill projected an expenditure of 33 millions. Debt is the inevitable accompaniment of a nation's adolescence; it is the bond to the future for efforts to be made. This extraordinary growth has naturally produced great modifications in every department of German national life. The Germans have come thus far by economical and governmental principles directly opposed to those of England; the question remains how far they can go on.

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Mistake to Give Organs of Digestion too Little to Do—Eat Heartily of Good, Nourishing Food—Use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets After Each Meal.

A well-known authority on the subject of Dyspepsia mentions the following common errors that people fall into in treating this disease:

1. They weaken the organs of digestion by giving them too little to do.
2. They confine themselves too closely to coarse and loosening food.
3. They take medicines, which a little knowledge or a moment's thought would tell them were no good.

The writer above quoted is undoubtedly correct. It is a great blunder to interfere with the diet in Dyspepsia. Of course foods known to be absolutely indigestible such as pastry, game, soups, pork, veal, etc., must be dispensed with. But as a general thing the ordinary diet is wholesome enough and needn't be altered.

Take three meals a day always at regular hours. If breakfast is eaten at nine, then a light lunch should be taken at noon, and dinner at six. If dinner is set in the middle of the day, breakfast should either be much earlier or a great deal lighter.

After all meals a Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablet should be taken. This will ensure perfect digestion of the food just taken into the stomach. It will also give the stomach a period of ease from the continual effort it undergoes in the work of digestion. If Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are taken regularly it will soon regain its wonted strength and vigor.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets ensure all the benefits that come with a sound, healthy stomach. They make pure, rich blood, and a constitution able to resist disease. They bring a hearty appetite, and almost any food can be taken without hurt while they are being used.

At Dusk.

The phantom time of day is here. Some spirit from celestial air. Unto our blindness draweth near. And in our musing seems to share.

Who hath not in a darkening wood At twilight's moment dimly known That all his hurts were understood By some near presence not his own?

That all his griefs were quieted, His apprehensions given release, And that upon his troubled head Was laid the viewless hand of Peace?

Too vague for shape, too sweet for fear, Unknown in days of strain and stress; But with that twilight presence near, Who does not feel its tenderness?—Ethelwyn Wetherald in "Youth's Companion."

It Was Properly Performed.

A clever young stockton woman who has had an unfortunate matrimonial experience and is a widow by decree of the courts, disclaims all intention of trying a second venture on the sometimes tempestuous sea of matrimony with the remark: "I was vaccinated—and it took."

A Colorado millionaire—extremely millionaire—one who is getting up an art gallery, went to Whistler's studio in the Rue du Bac. He glanced casually at the pictures on the walls—"symphonies" in rose and gold, in blue and gray, in brown and green.

"How much for the lot?" he asked, with the confidence of one who owns gold mines.

"Four millions," said Whistler. "What?"

"My posthumous prices," and the painter added, "Good morning."

"Saturday Evening Post."

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My Dear Madam: It is 12 weeks now since I began your treatment. I noticed no change nor apparent benefit the first two weeks, but in the last 10 weeks just 47 pounds of "too, too solid flesh" has melted away. I feel 10 years younger and twice as active as I have been since I was 20. The abdominal belt is great. My girl is reduced a little more than 10 inches. I'll keep on wearing it, for it is so comfortable and braces one up so. Which could repay you for what you have done for me without charge except your small fee. The cost has been ridiculously small compared with the great benefit I received. I assure you of my esteem. Yours truly, J. Q. M.

FROM NEWSPAPER COMMENT
Mrs. Lafarge has made remarkable cures.—The Daily Herald.
The patients of Mrs. Louis Lafarge become her friends.—Weekly Sun, St. Louis.
Mrs. Lafarge is a specialist of national reputation and worthy of confidence.—N. Y. Family Physician Magazine.
Mrs. Lafarge's life-story is bearing fruit in the wonderful success she is making in her specialty.—Nat. Newsman, N. Y.

Celery King

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Nearly every child has an attack of "dumps" each spring. The stomach becomes overloaded during the winter and the warm weather causes the matter retained in the body to sicken the little one. A little cleansing of the bowels with Celery King—now, will cause the spring to be less dangerous to your child. The harvest of fevers, which is extensive in spring, such as typhoid and scarlet, and other diseases, as diphtheria, mumps, measles, chickenpox, and the rest of them, result from a lack of observing this simple rule of health. Celery King is good for the blood. Overheated blood should be remedied now by Celery King, and sores, pimples, and boils avoided. Celery King is a tonic for children.



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Music.

ON Saturday evening an interesting vocal and piano recital was given at the Bishop Strachan School by Miss Constance Tandy, pupil of Miss Hillary and Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. Miss Tandy passed the intermediate piano examination at the Conservatory of Music last year very brilliantly, being at the head of a large number of candidates. The programme on this occasion, though an arduous one, was admirably performed, and whilst it reflected great credit on the young lady's instructors, also showed her to be possessed of great natural talent. Her playing of the Chopin Berceuse was particularly admirable, whilst in her vocal numbers her enunciation was highly satisfactory in each language, English, French and Italian, in which she sang.

The Conservatory of Music, with characteristic liberality, has opened to candidates for examinations at its various "local centers" the opportunity to compete for the gold medals offered to Conservatory pupils at the examinations held in June each year.

According to a plan completed two years since, the Toronto Conservatory of Music purposes conducting examinations this season at the following "local centers," viz.: Belleville, Brantford, Dunnville, Georgetown, Guelph, Hamilton, Kingston, Lindsay, London, Perth, Peterboro', Port Hope, St. Catharines, St. Thomas and Woodstock. Examinations will be held also at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and at Albert College, Belleville, these institutions being affiliated with the Conservatory of Music for examination purposes.

In a letter to the New York "Evening Post," Colonel Dandridge Parker takes the ground that American negro music exists only in imagination. He says: "The so-called negro music has been composed by white men—Foster and others—and in the very few instances where negroes have attempted composition their pieces have been imitations (feeble ones) of the works of the whites. I am half Southern by blood. I have been interested in this matter for years; have been an extensive traveller and have made it a study, but I have never yet been able to put my finger on a piece of music composed by a negro, except one song by Blind Tom, whose ear was educated, so to speak, to white methods, and whose song was an imitation of those of white composers. In my childhood I have heard in the mountains of Tennessee negroes singing a sort of wild, melancholy chant which may have been originally brought from Africa, but no one knew—they least of all. So with hymns of a peculiarly wild and plaintive character, I have heard in Louisiana."

Hans Richter, the great conductor, is not to come to America next winter after all. He has made arrangements to remain in England, and will produce in London Liszt's fine oratorio, "St. Elizabeth," which has not been performed there since it was sung by Liszt himself on the occasion of his farewell visit to England shortly before his death.

Mr. Joseph Bennett, the veteran London critic, laments the fact that "the music lovers of London inspire very little faith in their enthusiasm for anything good. On all hands they are permitting serious musical institutions to fall into ruin for want of support, and are giving themselves up to frivolity and noise. There may be more than 7,000 who have not bowed their knee to these idols. If so, clear proof of their existence will be very welcome."

In answer to "Animato"—The Boston Festival Orchestra is, I believe, the organization formed by Carl Zerkahn for the purpose of assisting in oratorio performance in the provincial cities in the States. They were engaged some years ago by the Toronto Philharmonic Society to play the accompaniments at two of their concerts, and also gave an orchestral programme of their own. Mollenhauer is the present conductor of the orchestra.

Several large firms are now engaged in manufacturing piano-playing attachments. They are called pianolas, pianotons, clavolas and the Angelus. They all exhibit remarkable ingenuity in construction. The cutting of the paper music rolls employed for these instruments is becoming quite an industry. The occupation of the professional pianist is, it would appear, in danger from the growing popularity of these attachments. The violinist has the satisfaction of knowing that he is for the present safe. The possibility of inventing an automatic violin player seems as remote as ever. And it appears that the difficulties in the way are insurmountable.

Seventeen hundred and sixty-three performances of Wagner's operas were given in Italy from November, 1871, to December, 1899. The statistics have been compiled by the Milan "Perseveranza." "Lohengrin" has been given 1,143 times, and "Tannhauser" comes next with 237 productions to its credit.

Many of my readers will be surprised to learn that the words of "Rule Britannia" were at one time parodied in order to make a hymn, and its tune sung to that hymn in many London churches. It was the late Rowland Hill who perpetrated the atrocity, which ran as follows:

When Jesus first, at Heaven's command,
Descended from His azure throne,
Attending angels join'd His praise
Who claimed the kingdoms for His own.
Hail! Immanuel; Immanuel we'll adore,
And sound His fame from shore to shore.

The theme of talk at present in musical circles is the reorganization of the Mendelssohn Choir. The movement is progressing in a manner that is more than realizing the most sanguine anticipations of the promoters of the society. Since April 20 last the conductor, Mr. Vogt, has met and examined nearly three hundred applicants for admission to the chorus, and has already practically accepted about one hundred and twenty-five singers. Appointments have been made with fully one hundred and fifty additional applicants, and Mr. Vogt expects to complete the selection of successful material by Monday next. It is the intention to limit the chorus to one hundred and eighty voices, the proportion in each of the four divisions of the chorus, which will again be divided into a first and second or eight part chorus, being modelled in accordance with the opinion given out by the late Sir Joseph Barnby, to the effect that the sopranos should be one third of the whole number, basses one fourth, tenors one fifth and altos the remainder. The voices already chosen include many of the leading solo vocalists of the city, all of whom have recognized the principle of a voice and general musical test. The fact seems to prove that the adoption of a really high standard, while doubtless discouraging some capable persons from applying, has the effect of enlisting the sympathy and support of the most talented vocalists in our midst, with the result that the new chorus will in each of its eight divisions be a distinct advance over the old Mendelssohn Choir at its very best. As in the past, the policy of the executive will be to engage only the most eminent available solo artists to assist at the concerts of the society. The singing of the chorus, as in the past, to be believed, continues as in the past, to be the great attraction of the public performances. It will be remembered that at the last concert of the old choir fully one thousand people were unable to gain admittance to the Massey Hall. So keen has been the interest among local singers in the reorganization of the chorus that about eight hundred copies of Dudley Buck's Hymn to Music, the test composition, have been disposed of by local music sellers. A special edition of this fine double chorus has been revised and edited by the conductor, and will be issued by Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. in a few days. Information as to membership may be procured from Mr. A. E. Huestis, chairman of the chorus committee, 96 Yonge street.

Appropos of the composition of choruses the following comments from the London "Musical Standard" on the state of choral music in the great metropolis will be of interest: "What is the matter with England, anyway? It took a number of severe defeats to wake us up to weakness in our military organization, and it has taken several years of severe criticism (some of it followed by protesting manifestos) to lead to the reorganization of the Bach Choir. We must be growing very lethargic—in London at any rate. Now that the Bach Choir has recognized the knock of the younger generation at its door, it is time that the Royal Choral Society should awaken and stretch its limbs, unless paralysis is to set in. To begin with, the choir is much too large for practical purposes. There is really no need for a chorus numbering eight hundred voices. If you could be sure that all of the eight hundred could sing perhaps a fine effect might be obtained from the large body of voices; if, for instance, you could have the Leeds and Birmingham festival choruses rolled into one you would certainly have a marvelously fine choir, but even then, its size would be a disadvantage rather than not. But the Royal Choral Society's voices cannot be compared with those of Leeds or Birmingham. And the worst of it is the comparison is not merely one of quality of voice, for the Albert Hall singers seem to be lacking in intelligence, enthusiasm and feeling. The society wants a regular downright drilling by trained chorus masters (there are several in the provinces who could lick the choir into shape). It requires to be taught before anything else that there are shades of dynamic expression between piano and fortissimo—a real delicate pianissimo was almost despair of obtaining from this large body of voices. But before the choir trainer took off his coat to his work he would have to put all the members of the choir through a stiff examination, sternly rejecting all who could not come up to a high standard." It may be added, with reference to the foregoing, that the chorus of the Birmingham festival of 1897 numbered but three hundred and fifty-five singers, of whom 107 were sopranos, 80 altos, 80 tenors and 88 basses. The day of monster choruses seems to be on the wane.

The pupils of Mrs. J. L. Nichols gave an interesting pianoforte recital at the Conservatory of Music on Friday night. A very choice programme was rendered in a manner that reflected much credit both upon the pupils and their teacher. Those who contributed were the Misses Laura Armstrong, Bessie McFarlane, E. Isabel Denovan, Laura Avison, Emma G. Adrain, Maggie Suffel, Rita Damude, Constance Martin and Jean Robinson. Vocal assistance was given by Miss Jessie Stark, pupil of Miss Denzil, and Miss Edith McKay, pupil of Mrs. Parker.

The Bostonia Sextette Club of Boston, who now have an enviable reputation in the United States, will be in Canada in October next, under Mr. W. Spence Jones' direction. They appeared last week in Halifax, N. S., and St. John, N. B. The St. John "Daily Sun" of 9th May says: "The audience fairly hung upon the music with breathless attention, and when the concluding notes had died away there was a veritable storm of applause." The Halifax "Herald" of 4th May says: "The Bostonia Sextette Club gave the most enjoyable recital and the best music that has been heard in Halifax in many a long day. Those who heard the Sextette will mark May 3rd as a red-letter day in their musical recollections." Applications for the club can be made direct to Mr. Jones at Brockville.

Mr. J. M. Sherlock sang in Stratford recently with the Stratford Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Andrew Tilley, formerly of this city. Owing to a cold Mr. Carnahan, who had been engaged for the occasion, was unable to go, and sent Mr. Sherlock in his place. The Stratford "Herald" has the following remarks to make concerning his singing: "Those who were the most disappointed at the announcement of Mr. Carnahan's inability to be present were the most delighted and surprised when they came to hear Mr. J. M. Sherlock. Mr. Sherlock has a voice which it is a pleasure to listen to, combined with an entire absence of affectation and stage mannerism. Simply and naturally he rendered each number, and it is sufficient to show the appreciation of the audience to say that on every occasion he was encored, and once had to respond twice. Good tenor singers are sufficiently rare to make the listening to one a pleasure all the more because of its uniqueness. Mr. Sherlock first appeared in 'A Serenade' (Blumenfeld), a difficult number which he treated with a great skill, and also struck the popular favor in his encore, 'Where'er St. George's Banner Waves.' His second number was an exquisitely tender composition, 'Adieu Marie' (Stephen Adams). Mr. Sherlock's rendering of this beautiful piece could not have been improved upon and won the most enthusiastic applause."

The subject of humor in music has just been under discussion by a couple of Scottish musicians—Mr. Franklin Peterson of Edinburgh and Mr. David Stephen of Dundee. Mr. Peterson declares that "humor does not by any means necessarily imply anything to laugh at." This may be all very well in literature, where one may insist upon the subtle distinction between humor and wit; but if music is capable of expressing humor at all, it can only do so by making the listener laugh or suggesting to him that he ought to laugh. "Musical Opinion," in commenting upon the discussion, says: "What is usually called humor in music is more incongruity, as when the bassoon heralds the entry of the clown in the Midsummer Night's Dream music. But even here the music itself seldom conveys the idea of humor, and it is the mere coincidence which is labeled with a humorous title would, in the absence of that title, never be suspected of humor at all. Mr. Stephen is right in saying that the higher kind of humor is a subtle thing which appeals only to the musician, but we have known good musicians who saw no humor even in Gleg's so-called 'Humoresken'."

The closing recital of the Beethoven series given in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening, the 15th inst., by pupils of Dr. Edward Fisher, was one of the most interesting of the season, and the increased attendance on each occasion of these five recitals is a proof of the esteem in which they have been held by the musical public. The programme on this occasion embraced the sonata in F minor, Op. 57, which was played brilliantly and well in its complete form by Miss Franziska Heinrich, a clever and promising young pianist; also the "Kreutzer" Sonata, Op. 47, said to be the most popular of Beethoven's duo Sonatas and seldom heard in its entirety. In this delightful number, which received an intelligent interpretation, the honors were fairly divided between Miss May Kirkpatrick, pianist, and Miss Lena M. Hayes, violinist. An eight-hand arrangement of the Symphony in G minor was played by Mr. Napier Dunn, and Miss Mabel O'Brien, Miss Ada F. Wagstaff, and Miss Emma Geddes, whose experience in solo and ensemble work enabled them to bring out most effectively the character and orchestral effects of this interesting work, which is considered by some critics the greatest of all Beethoven's Symphonies. Miss Clara M. Carey, of Hamilton, a talented pupil of Mrs. Julie Wyman, sang in good style and with an artistic use of the voice, "A Song of Rest" and "May Song." Mr. Oscar Wenhorne, pupil of Dr. Ham, also sang a double number, "In This Sepulchral Darkness" and "The Falling Tear," which were well suited to his voice and won for him the hearty appreciation of the audience. These recitals have apparently aided in creating a fresh interest in the works of Beethoven, and in view of this fact Dr. Fisher's announcement that a similar series would probably be given next season was received with applause.

CHERUBINO.
Grand Opera Season of 1900-1901.
The arrangements for next year's opera season are now nearly complete. Mr. Maurice Grau has engaged about two hundred and thirty-five artists, including, according to the "Music Trade Journal," Mmes. Melba, Eames, Nordica, Ternina, Schoff, Gadsby, Bauermeister, Suzanne Adams, Susan Strong, Louise Homes, Carrie Bridwell, Oltzka and MM. Pringle, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Plancon, Duffel, Mehlmann, Campanari, Imbart de la Tour, De Lucia, Bertram, O'Mara, Scott, Gilbert and Journet. The French and Italian operas will be conducted by Mancinelli and the Wagnerian operas by Damrosch or Von Schuch. The public will regret to hear that Calve will not return to America until 1901, having signed an engagement for the Opera Comique, Paris, for the coming season, where she is to create two roles, one in a Wagner opera, the other in Zola and Bruneau's opera of "L'Ouralan." The Maurice Grau Opera Company will sail from Europe on October 20, proceeding directly to San Francisco by special train, where they will open the opera season at the Grand Opera House on November 12, with an engagement of three weeks. Thence brief engagements will be played in Sacramento, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City,

Denver, Kansas City, Lincoln, St. Paul and Minneapolis. The New York opera season will open on December 18. The arrangements for the new English opera in New York have not yet been made fully public.

Some Genuine Irish Bulls

MR. MICHAEL MacDONOUGH, in his book, "Irish Life and Character"—a work that attempts to do for Ireland what Dean Ramsay has done so well for Scotland in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character"—discusses the alleged decay of Irish bulls. It might well be regarded as an international misfortune, says Mr. MacDonough, were the native wit and humor, and, above all, that grotesque confusion of thought, that delightful contradiction of sense, commonly called a "bull," to show signs of decay. So he proceeds in consternation to investigate, and is challenged on the threshold of his inquiry by a hairdresser in Kingstown, who tries to induce him to buy a bottle of hairwash. "What sort of stuff is it?" inquires the customer. "Oh, it's grand stuff! It's a perfect mutton in parvo; the less you take of it the better."

Two farmers sat on the promenade at Bray. A lady of very slender proportions passed. "Did you ever see so thin a woman?" said one. "Thin is it," said the other. "I seen a woman in Wexford as thin as two of her put together."

This racy national characteristic has suffered through the inventions of clumsy foreign wits that are so commonly ascribed to Irishmen. The manufactory of a bull is often silly and always inept. A genuine bull is not an expression of stupidity. Mental confusion, of course, is responsible for it; but that very confusion often springs from nimbleness, eagerness, "prevolence" of thought; the nation, the word, leaps before it thinks.

When a Galway peasant was asked if he knew what an Irish bull was, he explained, "If you was drivin' along a road, and ye seen three cows lyin' down and wan av them was standin' up—that wan is an Irish bull." Said Sydney Smith, "The stronger the apparent connection, and the more complete the real disconnection of the ideas, the greater the surprise and the better the bull." But a bull and nonsense are not the same thing. The bull is a gift; and it is not confined to the uneducated classes. When Sir Richard Steele, who was born in Ireland, was asked by an English friend how it was that his countrymen were so addicted to bulls, he replied: "It must be something in the climate. Probably if an Englishman were a native of Ireland he would make bulls."

An Irish newspaper, describing a phenomenal shower of rain, declared that the drops varied in size from a shilling to eighteen pence. A Killgarh huntman, who had ridden a restless colt to hounds, declared that "the time we were over the crest of the ridge, the baste was that quiet a child might have milked him."

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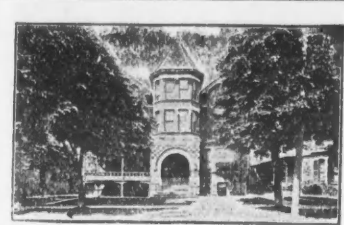
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Social and Personal.

Invitations are out to the wedding of Mr. Frank Baillie and Miss Edith White, daughter of Mr. Aubrey White. The ceremony takes place on the 8th of June in Holy Trinity Church.

The Homewood, the residence of the late Consul Homer Dixon, has found a purchaser. Mr. Frederic Nicholls of St. Catharines street is the purchaser, and will shortly occupy it with his family.

Lady Tilley, of St. John, N. B., and her niece, Miss Toller, are at 159 Bloor street east.

On Monday evening Lieutenant-Colonel Davidson entertained the officers of the Duke of York's Hussars at dinner. There are several prominent young men from Montreal society circles in the ranks of the Hussars. A son of Sir William Hingston is a corporal.

Mr. Sidney Band has been appointed A. D. C. to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor during the absence of Mr. Elmsley in South Africa.

A cablegram has been received from Lieutenant Stuart Willie containing news of his arrival in England, and of great improvement in his health.

Miss Marion Sutherland is visiting Mrs. Humphrey Anger.

Vocal Recital.

Mr. Rechab Tandy, assisted by some of his pupils, will give his fifth and last vocal recital for this season, on Monday evening next, 28th inst., in the Toronto Conservatory of Music Hall, corner College street and University avenue. An interesting programme will be presented, in which, by special request, Mr. Tandy will sing several well-known and popular songs.

The Hit of the Season.

Among Canadian patriotic songs of recent publication "The Queen's Volunteers," written and composed by Malcolm W. Sparrow, is decidedly one of the best. At the Grand Opera House on Monday and Tuesday evenings Mr. Arthur Blight and "The Chimes of Normandy" chorus made a decided hit with it. The song is thoroughly Canadian, of a martial nature, and has a very pleasing and catchy melody. It is dedicated to the contingents now serving in South Africa, and commemorates Canada's readiness to stand by the Empire. We bespeak for it a great success.



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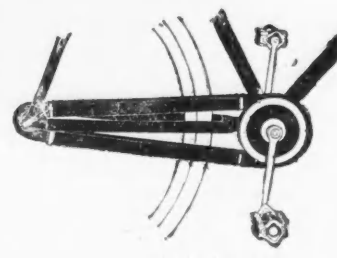
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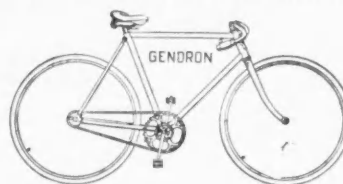
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Little satisfaction will come to anyone in buying a piano if all that can be said of it is that it is handsome to look at. With the knowledge that the interior, like that of some famous watch, is perfect, then there is a real appreciation of its exterior.

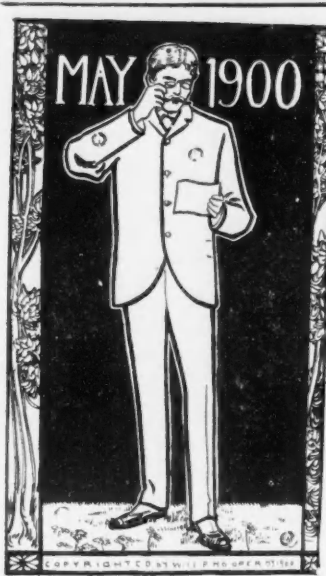
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Among such instruments we draw special attention to our new colonial style case, and another line in our art series where the case is in sawed veneer, giving a most artistic effect.

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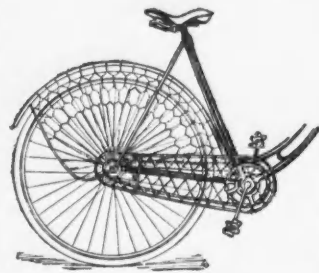
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Knott—May 17, Mrs. J. W. Knott, aged 42.
Trempe—May 17, Blanche Trempe, aged 4.
Gordon—May 13, East Selkirk, Man., Rev. D. B. Gordon, aged 65.
Logan—May 20, Mrs. David B. Logan, aged 26.
Ryan—May 20, M. J. Ryan.
Carpenter—May 18, Amy E. Carpenter.
Hesse—May 17, Mrs. Catharine Hesse, aged 81.
Johnson—May 17, Mrs. Henry Johnson, aged 23.
Pickens—May 20, Mrs. Sarah Pickens.
Ward—May 17, Mrs. Charles Ward, aged 28.
Wattle—May 20, Matilda Wattle.
Finlay—May 18, Mrs. W. R. Finlay.
Burns—May 22, Rev. Alexander Burns, aged 64.
Allechin—May 11, Mrs. John Allechin.
Strowger—May 16, Stuart Rybert Strowger, baby.
Patterson—May 18, Mrs. T. G. Patterson.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Bach—May 19, Mrs. J. E. Bach, twin sons.
Wilson—May 18, Mrs. John Wilson, a son.
Gascoyne—May 13, Mrs. Percy Gascoyne, a son.
Tesky—May 16, Mrs. S. Tesky, a son.
Kilvert—May 17, Mrs. F. E. Kilvert, Jr., a daughter.
Sampson—May 16, Mrs. Thomas Norman Sampson, a daughter.
Dobson—May 11, Mrs. Chas. A. Dobson, a daughter.

Marriages.

Carman—Dunn—May 17, John E. Carman to Alice Dunn.
Thompson—Stephens—May 16, W. D. Thompson to Jennie Ida Stephens.
Berube—Reneaud—May 15, P. A. Berube to Marie Louise Dionne Reneaud.

Deaths.

Alderdee—May 21, Mrs. John Alderdee.
Buchan—May 19, Edna Lydia Buchan.
Klinkunbroomer—May 19, Sarah Ethel Klinkunbroomer, aged 18.
Chalmers—May 17, Wm. Henry Chalmers, aged 45.
Gandiche—May 17, Mrs. James Gandiche, aged 33.

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TENDERS FOR COAL, 1900

Sealed tenders, addressed to the Provincial Secretary, Province of Ontario, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and marked "Tenders for Coal," will be received up to noon on MONDAY, MAY 28th, 1900, for the delivery of coal in the sheds of the institutions named below, on or before the 15th day of July next, except as regards the coal for London, Hamilton and Brockville Asylums and Central Prison, as noted.

Asylum for Insane, Toronto.
Hard coal—1,100 tons, large egg size, 150 tons stove size, 150 tons nut size. Soft coal—450 tons lump, 150 tons soft screenings.

Asylum for Insane, Kingston.
Hard coal—2,500 tons small egg size, 200 tons egg size, 200 tons stove size, 50 tons chestnut size. Soft coal—40 tons for grates. Of the 2,500 tons, 700 may not be required till January, 1901, also 50 tons egg size.

Asylum for Insane, Hamilton.
Hard coal—1,700 tons large egg size, 255 tons small egg size, 25 tons chestnut size, 500 tons hard screenings, 500 tons soft screenings, 20 tons stove size (hard).

Asylum for Insane, Mimico.
Hard coal—1,750 tons large egg size, 120 tons stove size, 10 tons coal for grates, 30 tons nut coal, 100 tons soft screenings, 50 cords green hard wood.

Asylum for Idiots, Orillia.
Soft coal screenings or run of mine lump, 1,600 tons; 80 tons hard coal, stove size.

Asylum for Insane, Brockville.
Hard coal—1,100 tons large egg size, 150 tons stove size, 60 tons small egg. Of the above quantity, 1,650 tons may not be required until January and March, 1901.

Central Prison, Toronto.
Hard coal—25 tons nut size, 100 tons small egg size. Soft coal—2,200 tons soft coal screenings or run of mine lump. The soft coal to be delivered in lots of 100 tons monthly.

Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.
Hard coal—700 tons, large egg size, 90 tons nut size, 12 tons stove size, 14 tons No. 4 size; soft coal for grates, 4 tons.

Institution for Blind, Brantford.
Hard coal—400 tons egg size, 175 tons stove size, 25 tons chestnut size.

Reformatory for Boys, Penetang.
Forty tons egg size, 61 tons stove size, 15 tons nut size, 500 tons soft coal screenings. Delivered at institution dock.

Reformatory, Toronto.
Soft coal screenings, 600 tons; stove coal, 120 tons.

Tenders are to specify the mine or mines from which the coal will be supplied, and the quality of same, and must also furnish satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name, fresh mined, and in every respect equal in quality to the standard grades of coal known to the trade.

Delivery is to be effected in a manner satisfactory to the Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities.

Tenders will be received for the whole quantity above specified, or for the quantities required in each institution. An accepted cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Hon. the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract.

Specifications and forms and conditions of tenders may be obtained from the Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the department will not be paid for it.

J. R. STRATTON,
Provincial Secretary,
Parliament Buildings, Toronto,
May 7, 1900.